

MARVEL

October

No. 24



COMICS

MYSTERY

AS THE "RITUAL OF
DEATH" BEGAN, THE
HUMAN TORCH
SPRANG INTO ACTION!



BACK COMES THE DREADED RED SKULL

BACK FROM THE REALM OF DEFEAT---
CRYING FOR REVENGE ON CAPTAIN
AMERICA AND BUCKY!--- WHAT IS THE
MEANING OF THE STRANGE, LOW WHIS-
TLE.... THAT IS ALWAYS FOLLOWED BY
GRIM DEATH?

CAPTAIN AMERICA DARES TO
SOLVE THE RIDDLE OF THE NEWEST
AND MOST TERRIFYING CREATION OF
DESTRUCTION EVER INVENTED BY
The **RED SKULL**
IN THE SPINE-CHILLING MYSTERY OF
The **WHISTLING DEATH---**
JUST ONE OF THE MANY SMASH-ACTION
FILED CASES FROM THE PERSONAL
FILES OF CAPTAIN AMERICA IN THE

Next **ISSUE** of

CAPTAIN AMERICA COMICS



**DON'T
MISS
A
SINGLE
COPY!**

Special OFFER

for READERS of
**HUMAN TORCH
COMICS**

NOW

...YOU TOO... CAN JOIN
CAPTAIN AMERICA'S
SENTINELS
of LIBERTY and

THEREBY HELP CAPTAIN AMERICA AND
BUCKY IN THEIR GREAT WAR AGAINST
SPIES IN OUR COUNTRY!



LET'S ALL
GET TOGETHER
BEHIND CAP AND
BUCKY ON THE CONSTANT
LOOKOUT FOR
SPIES...

THIS BADGE
IS OF HIGH QUAL-
ITY METAL--THE
SAME AS
USED BY
G-MEN
AND POLICE
OFFICERS.
IT IS NOT A PIC-
TURE BUTTON
NOVELTY.

MEMBERSHIP
CARD...

THIS COUPON OR
WRITE YOUR NAME
AND ADDRESS CLEARLY ON
A SEPARATE PIECE OF PAPER
ALONG WITH **10¢**
CAPTAIN AMERICA
M-24 330 WEST 42 ST.
NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.
AND YOU WILL RECEIVE A
BADGE AND MEMBERSHIP CARD

Watch for the
BIG CLUB NEWS
AND SECRET CODE
THE NEXT BIG ISSUE
of CAPTAIN AMERICA

I AM ENCLOSED **10¢** M-24

I WOULD LIKE TO JOIN CAPTAIN AMERICA'S SENTINELS OF LIBERTY
AND HELP TO FIGHT SPIES AND TRAITORS TO THE U. S. A.
NAME AND ADDRESS: _____

CITY AND STATE: _____

HUMAN TORCH

and
TARD

**MEET
THE
PARROT**

At STATE PRISON, GUARDS
ATOP THE WALL OPEN
FIRE, AS A LONE FIGURE
PLUNGES INTO THE MOAT.

WHEN THE TORCH PLACED
THE PARROT ABOARD THE
'PRISON SPECIAL,' HE BELIEVED
THE CRIMINAL WAS FINISHED!
BUT, THE PARROT HAD OTHER
PLANS... AND SO, INTO
ANOTHER BLAZING
TORCH ADVENTURE!

By
**CARL
BURGOS**

WARDEN!
THE PARROT!
HE ESCAPED
OVER THE
WALL!



WHAT?
HE CAN'T
GET FAR
BY WATER..
THE CURRENT'S
TOO STRONG
BUT—

...BOB!
SEND OUT A FIVE-
STATE ALARM! I
WANT THE PARROT
BROUGHT IN,
DEAD OR
ALIVE!



THE WALL IS ON THE
RIVER-SIDE... THERE
MAY BE A CHANCE
TO CATCH HIM YET!
LET'S GO TO
THE DOCK!

RIGHT!



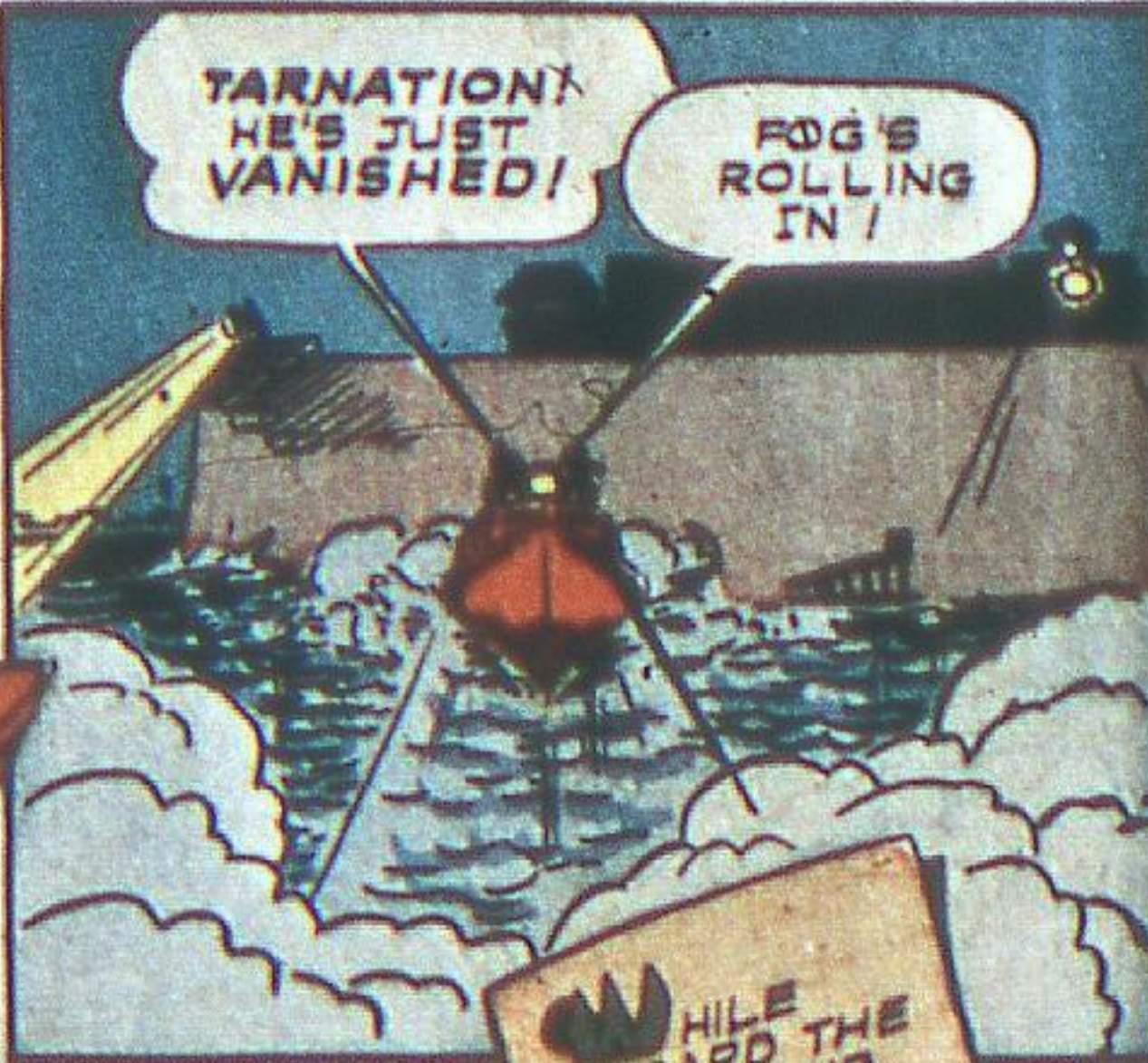
GET THAT BOAT STARTED!
WE'RE GOING AFTER
THE PARROT!

HURRY,
TOM!



TARNATION!
HE'S JUST
VANISHED!

FOG'S
ROLLING
IN!



THIS SOUP'S SO
THICK... YOU
CAN'T SEE AN
INCH AHEAD!

WHAT'S
THAT?

SOUNDS
LIKE A
MOTOR
BOAT!

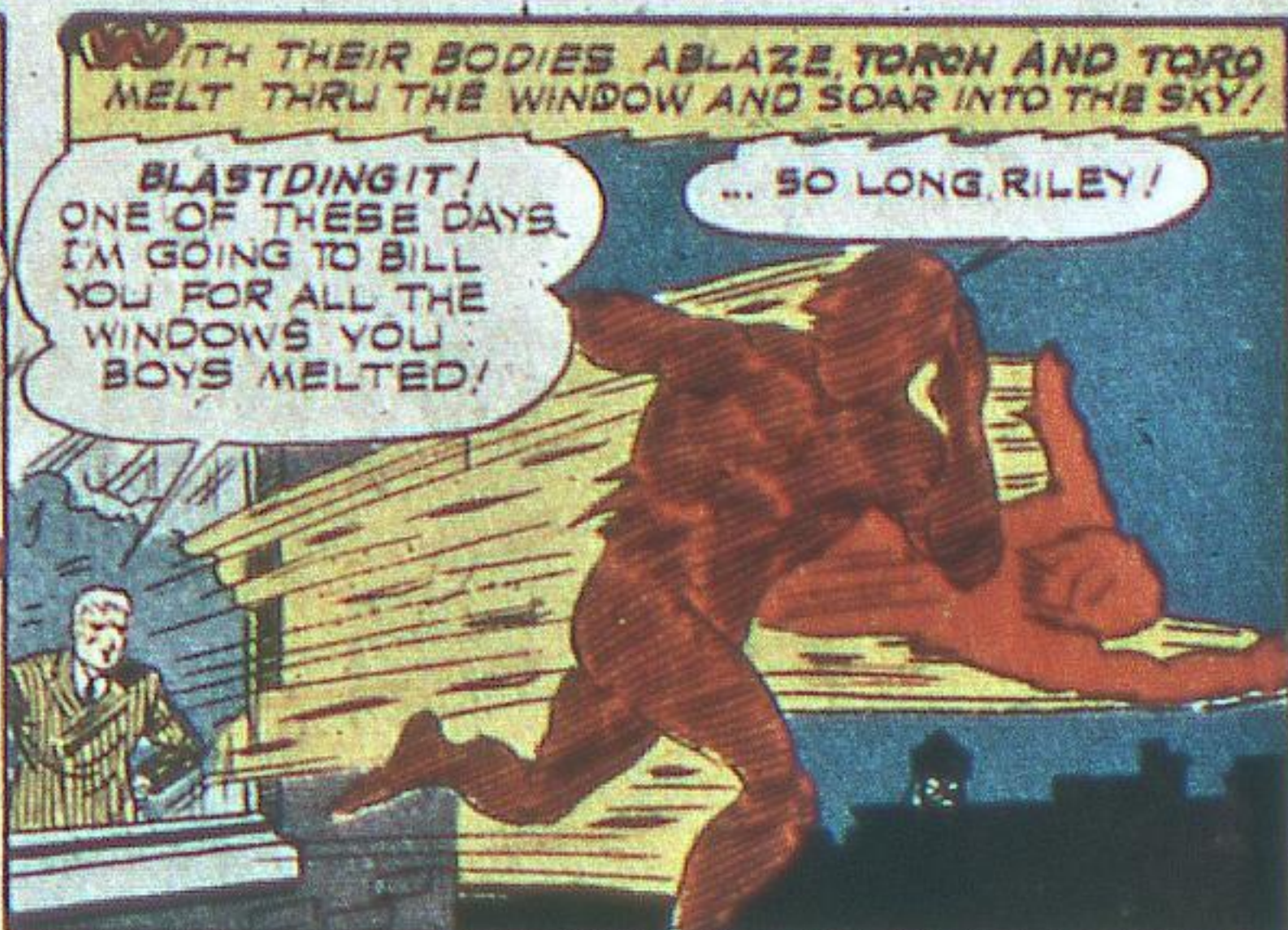
THE
SOUND'S
FADING!

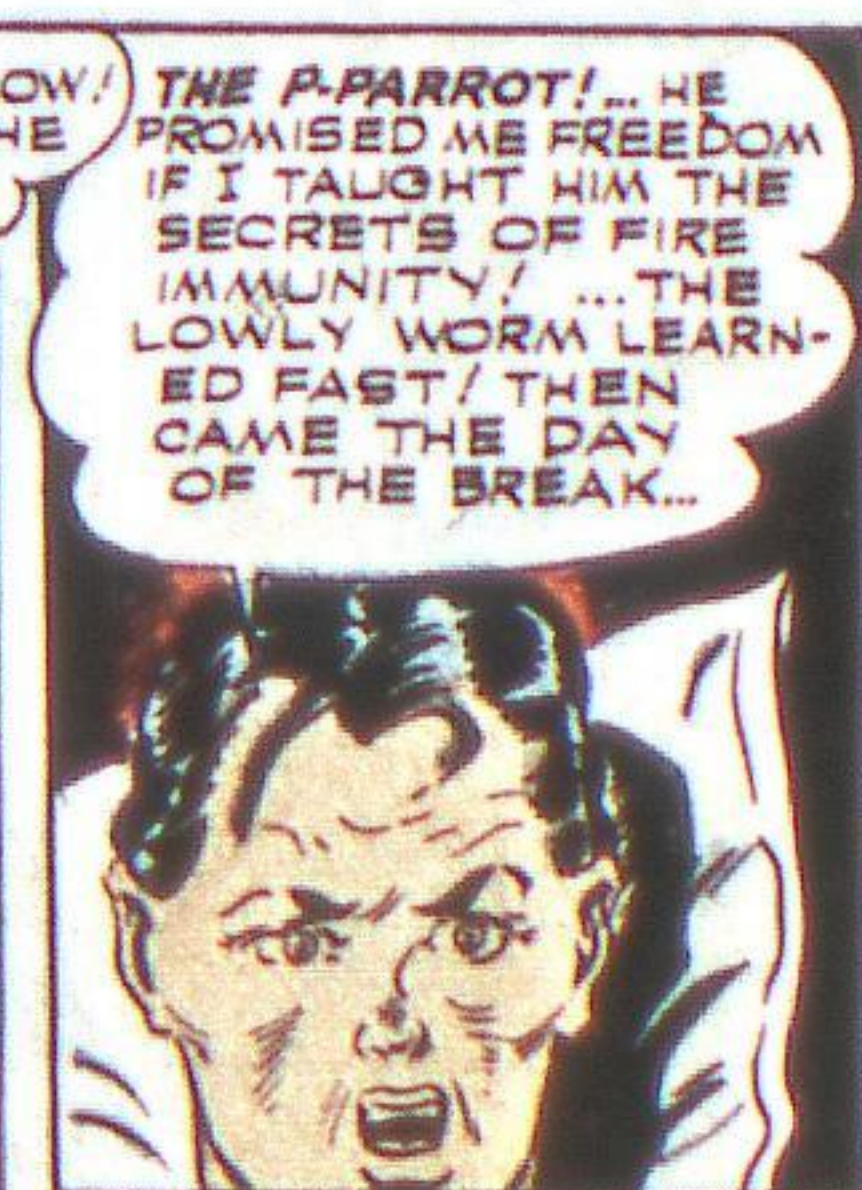
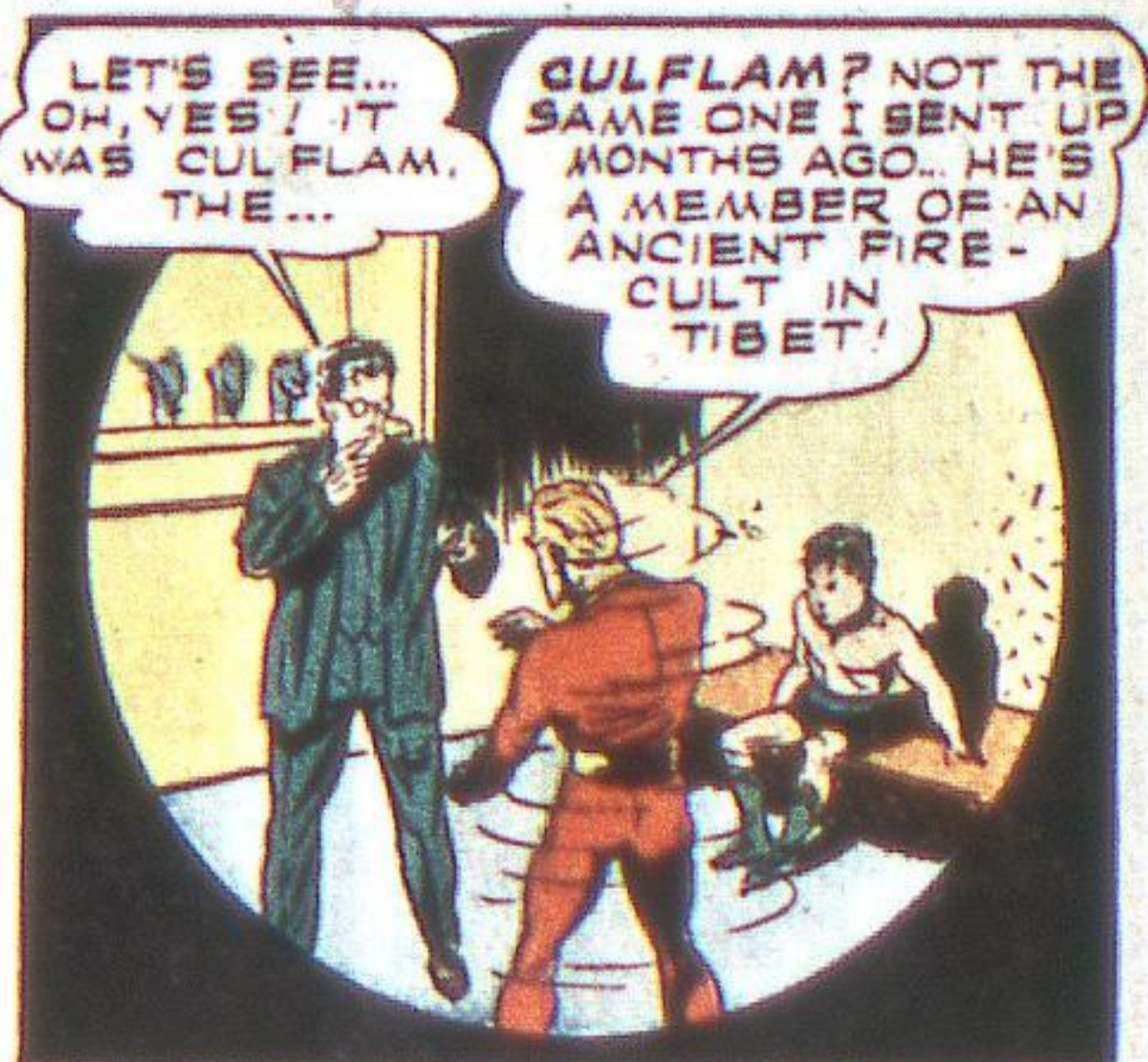
MIGHT
AS WELL
HEAD
BACK..
WE'LL NEVER
SPOT THEM
IN THIS
SCREEN!

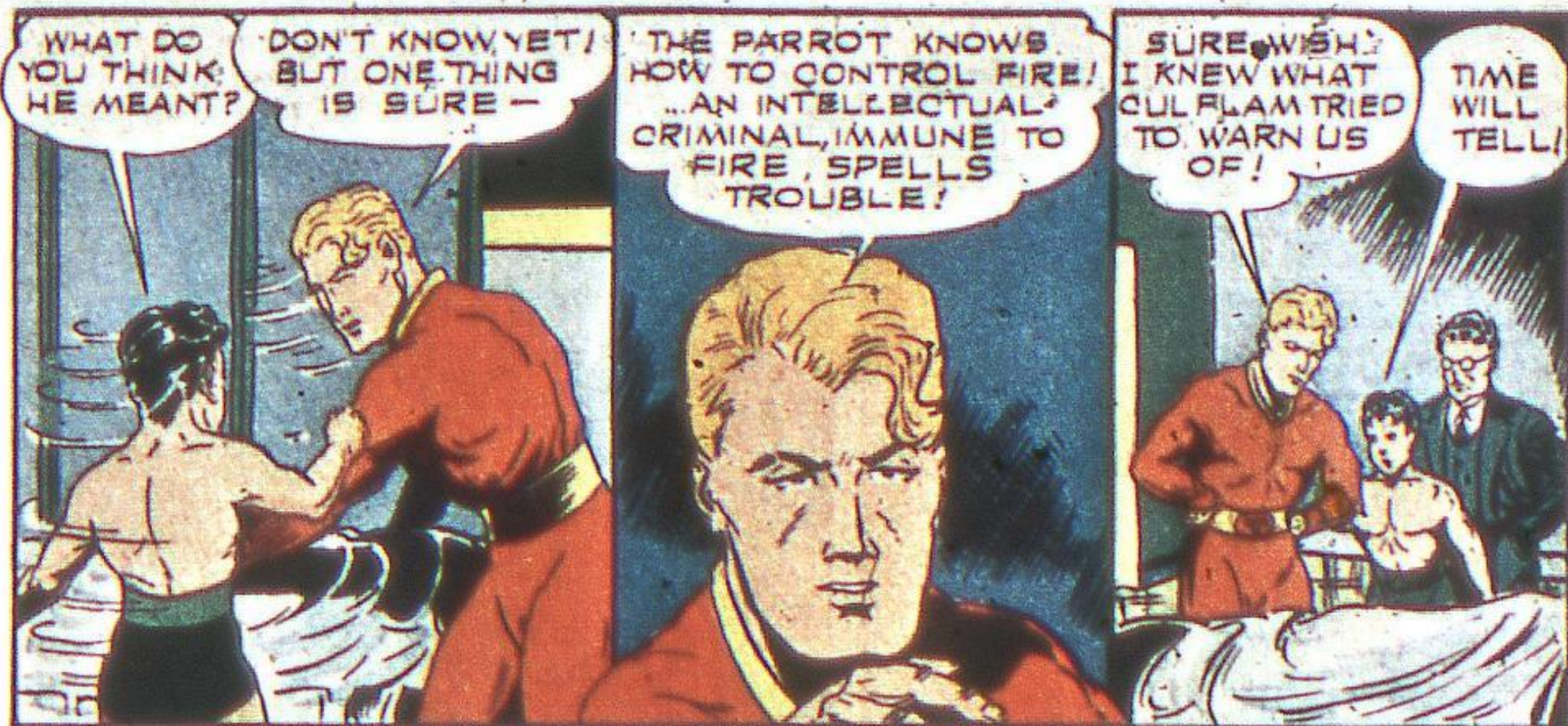
...AND AS A FAMOUS
SHOWMAN ONCE
SAID, "THIS IS
ONLY THE
BEGINNING!"



HIDE
ABOARD THE
ESCAPING
CRAFT..

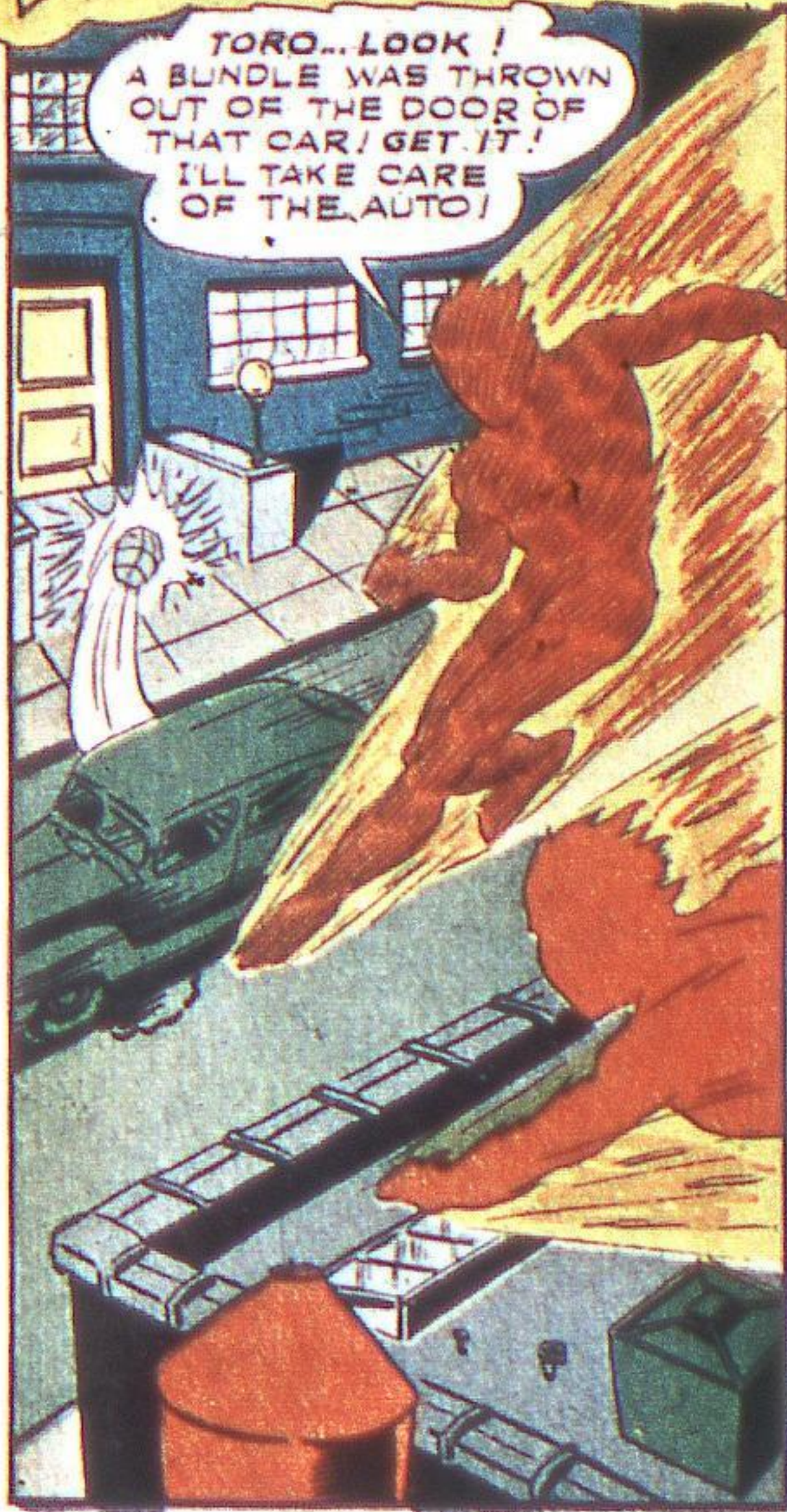




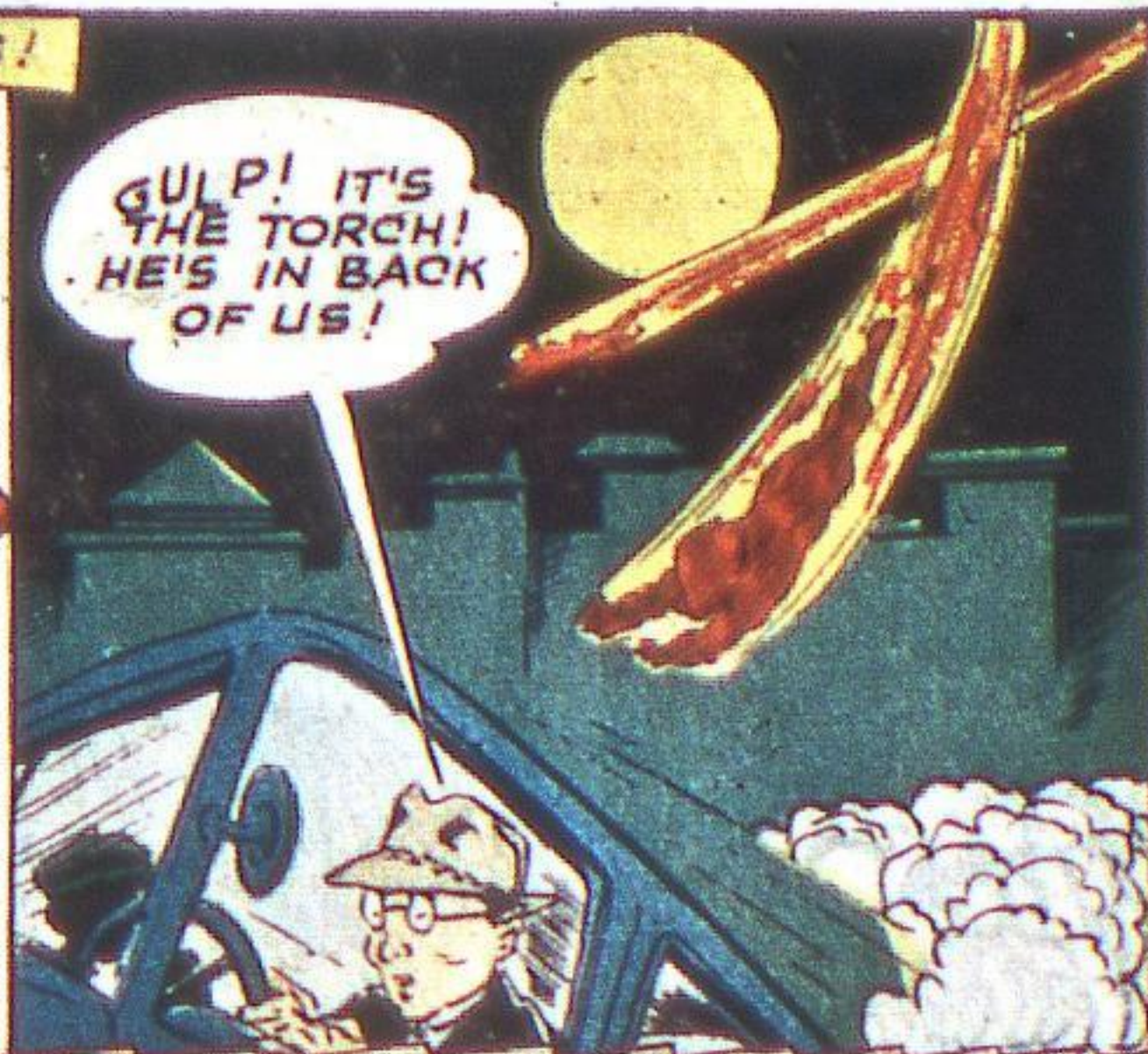


LATER, IN FRONT OF POLICE HEADQUARTERS!

TORO... LOOK!
A BUNDLE WAS THROWN
OUT OF THE DOOR OF
THAT CAR! GET IT!
I'LL TAKE CARE
OF THE AUTO!



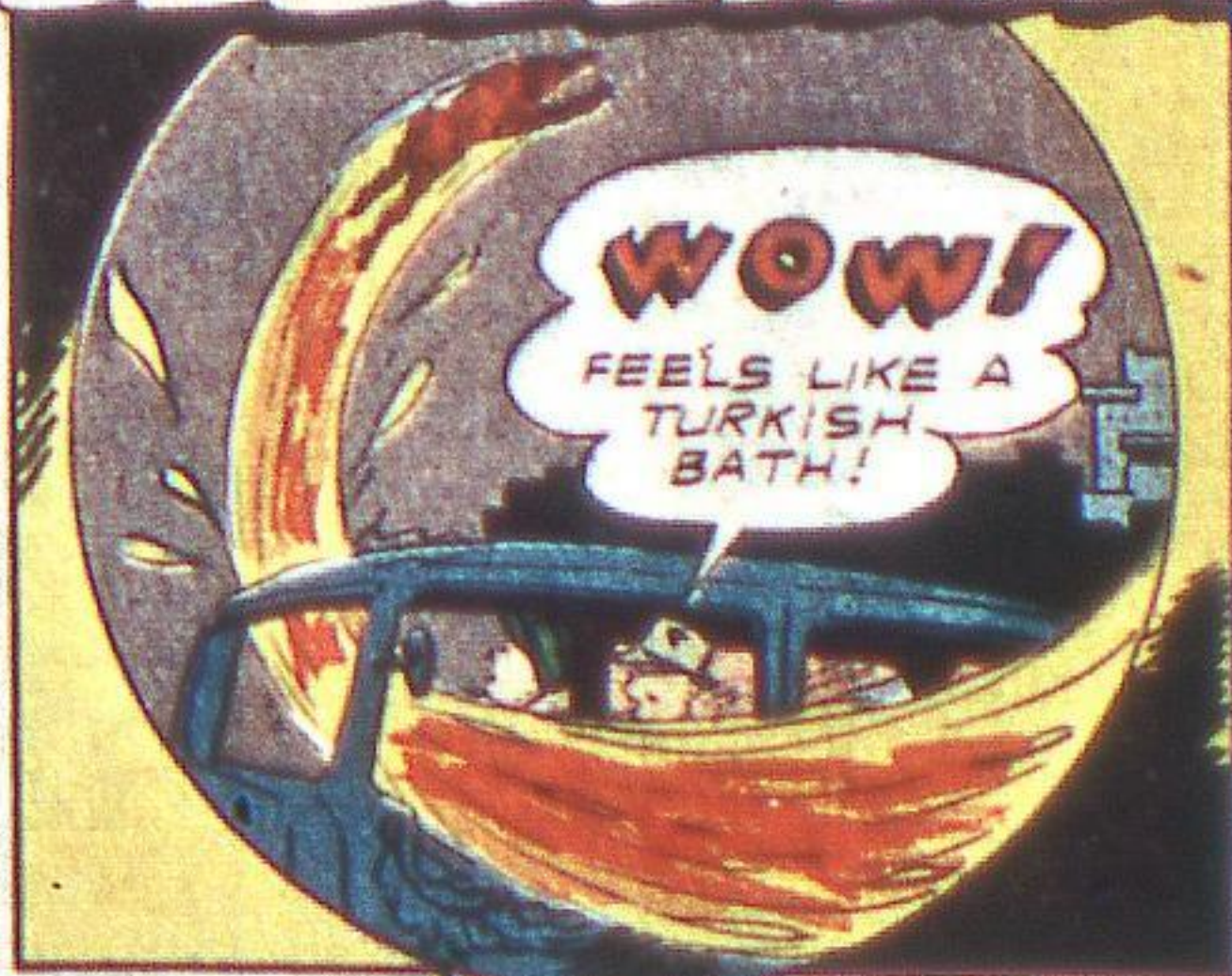
GULP! IT'S
THE TORCH!
HE'S IN BACK
OF US!



LIKE A STREAK OF LIGHTNING, THE TORCH
WINGS THRU THE FRONT SEAT!

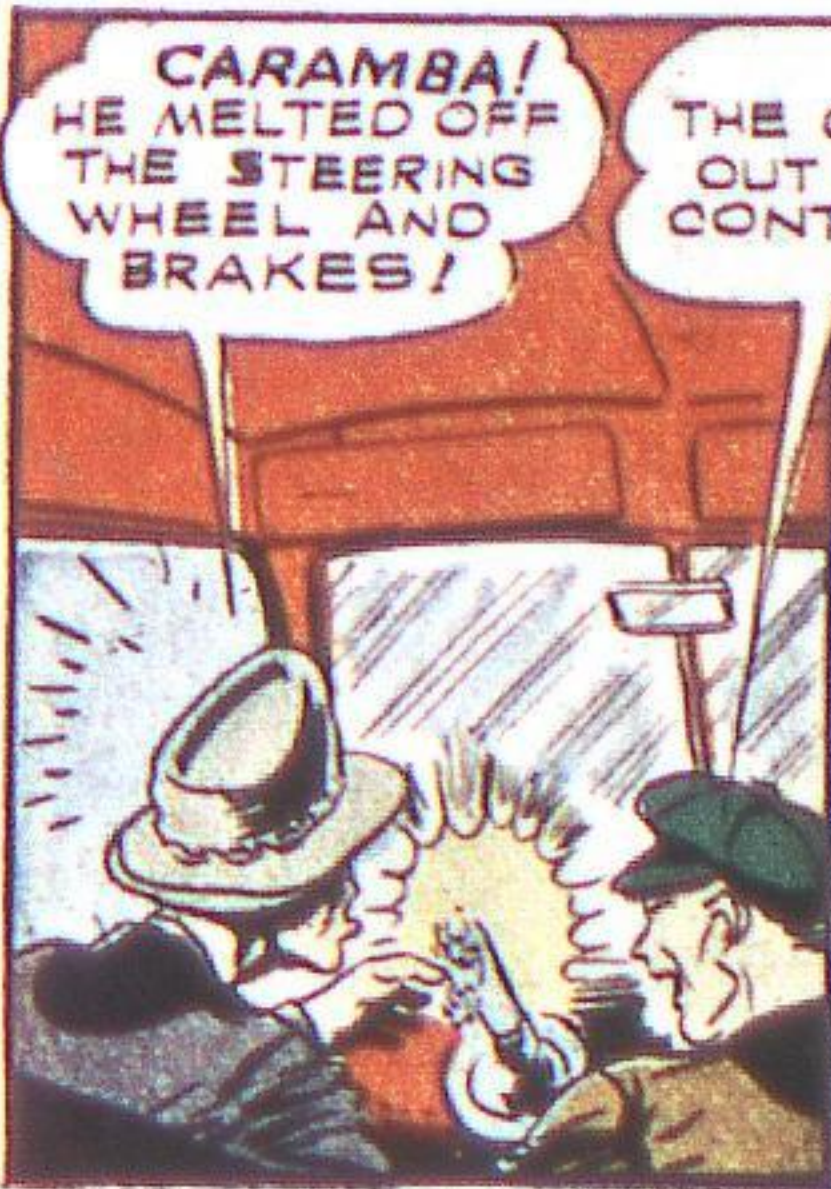
WOW!

FEELS LIKE A
TURKISH
BATH!



CARAMBA!
HE MELTED OFF
THE STEERING
WHEEL AND
BRAKES!

THE CAR'S
OUT OF
CONTROL!



TORCH! LOOK!
IT WAS WRAPPED
IN THE PACKAGE!

HMM. COMPLIMENTS
OF THE PARROT,
NO DOUBT!
OKAY BIRDIE,
START TALKING!



CULFLAM WAS A GOOD TEACHER! HE TAUGHT ME A LOT! BY THE WAY, DO YOU LIKE OPERA? WELL, I DO! SO LONG, FIREWORM!

OPERA...YEOW! TO-NIGHT'S OPENING NIGHT! NOW I KNOW WHAT THE PARROT'S UP TO!

TORO, WE'RE GOING TO THE OPERA TONIGHT!

OPERAP
OPERAP

HUH P

WHAT NIGHT, AT THE COSMOPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE, SINGERS, MUSICIANS, AND STAGE-HANDS FILE IN BACK-STAGE...

...WHILE AT THE BOX-OFFICE.

HELLO, TOMMY... ARE YOUR MEN IN POSITION?

OKAY, YOU MUSICIANS, DRESSIN' ROOM FOUR, AN' NO SMOKIN' BACK-STAGE!

HAH! THE DOOR KEEPER THINKS WE'RE PLAYERS! IF THE POOL ONLY KNEW, I AM THE PARROT, AND THESE MY ASSOCIATES!

QUITE A CROWD, EH TORO?

JUST AS YOU ORDERED, TORCH!

ME ME ME ME

CARMEN

OKAY TORO, LET'S GO INSIDE!

ONCE INSIDE, LIGHTS DIM, AND THE SHOW IS ON!

THE PARROT'S BALMY IF HE THINKS HE CAN MAKE A HAUL HERE!

QUIET, TORO!

While Backstage...

HURRY...
SCATTER TO YOUR
POSITIONS!

RIGHT,
PARROT!

The PARROT'S MEN RUSH UP INTO THE WINGS...

NOW, WAIT FOR
MY SIGNAL!

In THE AUDIENCE...

..WONDER WHEN AND
HOW, THE PARROT
WILL STRIKE?

At THAT MOMENT, HIGH ABOVE
THE STAGE, AN EYE PEERS
THRU A HOLE IN THE CURTAIN,
AND THE SIGNAL IS GIVEN...

...PUFFS OF SMOKE SHOOT
FROM HOLES IN THE
CURTAIN!

NOW!

SUDDENLY... THE FLAME-
MASTERS LEAP FROM
THEIR SEATS, ABLAZE!

GAS!
COMING FROM
THE CURTAIN!



BUT THE GAS ALREADY CLAIMS ITS VICTIMS. THE AUDIENCE SLEEPS. THE ORCHESTRA GOES FLAT, AND THE PERFORMERS FALL FROM THE STAGE... IN A SPLIT SECOND... DEEP SILENCE REIGNS.

...AS THE TORCH AND TORO RISE ABOVE THE SETTLING CLOUD OF GAS!

GET THOSE JEWELS BEFORE THE FIRE-FLIES SEE US!



TORCH! MASKED MEN IN THE DIAMOND HORSESHOE!

GET THEM, TORO! I'M GOING THRU THE CURTAIN!

THE PARROT!

GREETINGS, SUCKER!



HO! HO! TRY TO RUSH ME, EHP? HERE'S SOME PEPPER IN YOUR EYES, CHUMP!

YEOW!

CAUGHT OFF GUARD, THE TORCH DOES A BACK LOOP OFF THE CAT-WALK!

AS THE PARROT'S CAPE WINDS AROUND THE TORCH IN MID-AIR... HIS FLAME IS SMOTHERED!

YOU LOOK COLD, TORCHY... HERE'S MY CAPE!

I'M FALLING!



HA! THAT'LL
HOLD THE
TORCH FOR
A WHILE!

UH, OH... TORO'S
WORKING
OVER MY MEN!
...I'LL FIX
THE BRAT!

THE PARROT WHIPS OUT
A KNIFE, AND CUTS
LOOSE A STOUT ROPE.

-AND SWINGS OUT OVER
THE AUDIENCE!



UGH!

HOW'S THIS?
FIRE-DIAPERS?



WHILE OUTSIDE THE
OPERA HOUSE...

THE PARROT'S
INSIDE!

LET'S GET
HIM!



AS THE POLICE STORM
THE DOORS, AUTOS
STOP IN FRONT OF THE
BUILDING AND...

KEEP THEM
FLAME THROWERS
BUSY!



ON THE STAGE THE TORCH
REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS...

FEELS LIKE I'VE BEEN
THRU A WAR! WHERE'S
THE PARROT?



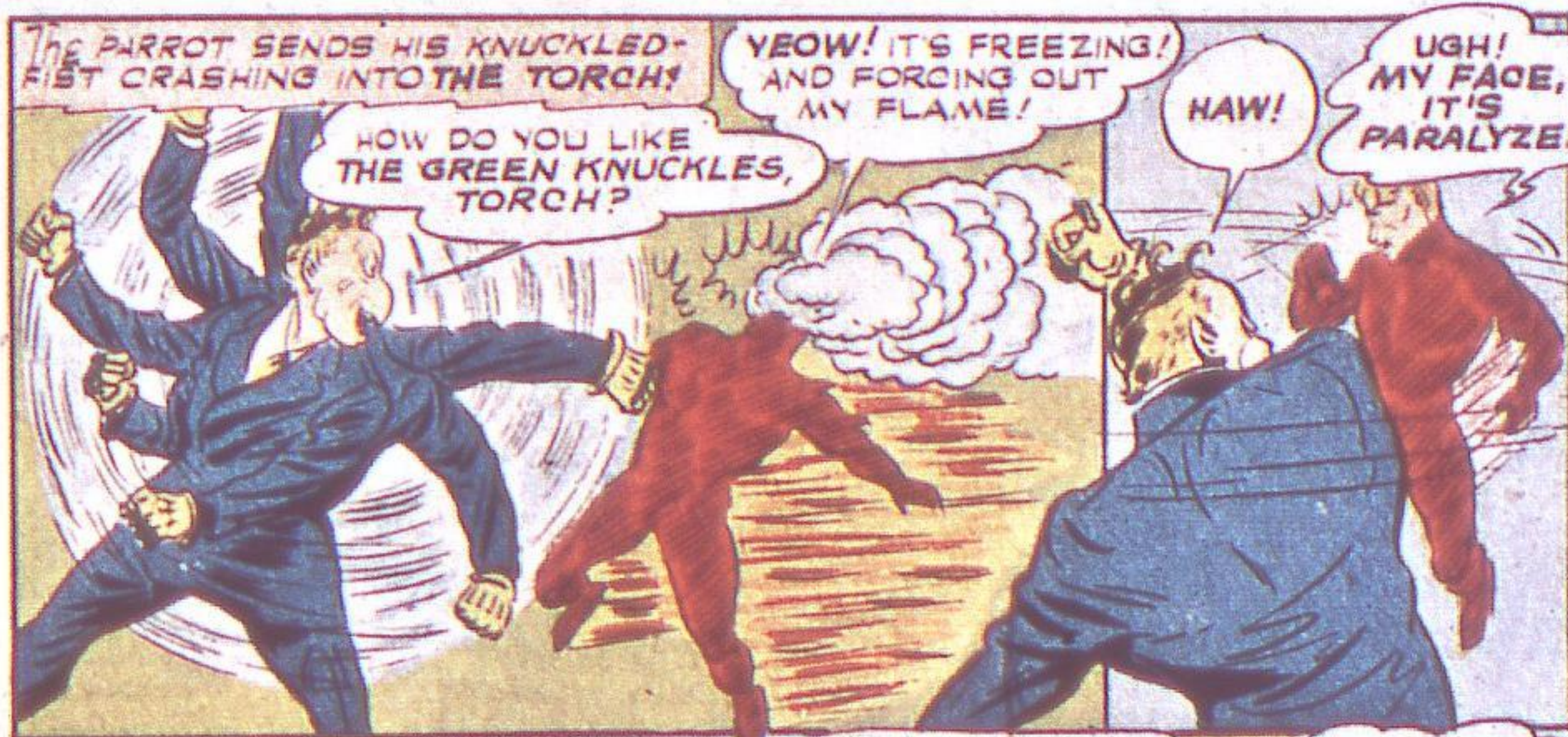


AH... WHAT BEAUTIFUL JEWELS... COME TO PAPPA!



ILL GET YOU THIS TIME, RAT!

DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH!

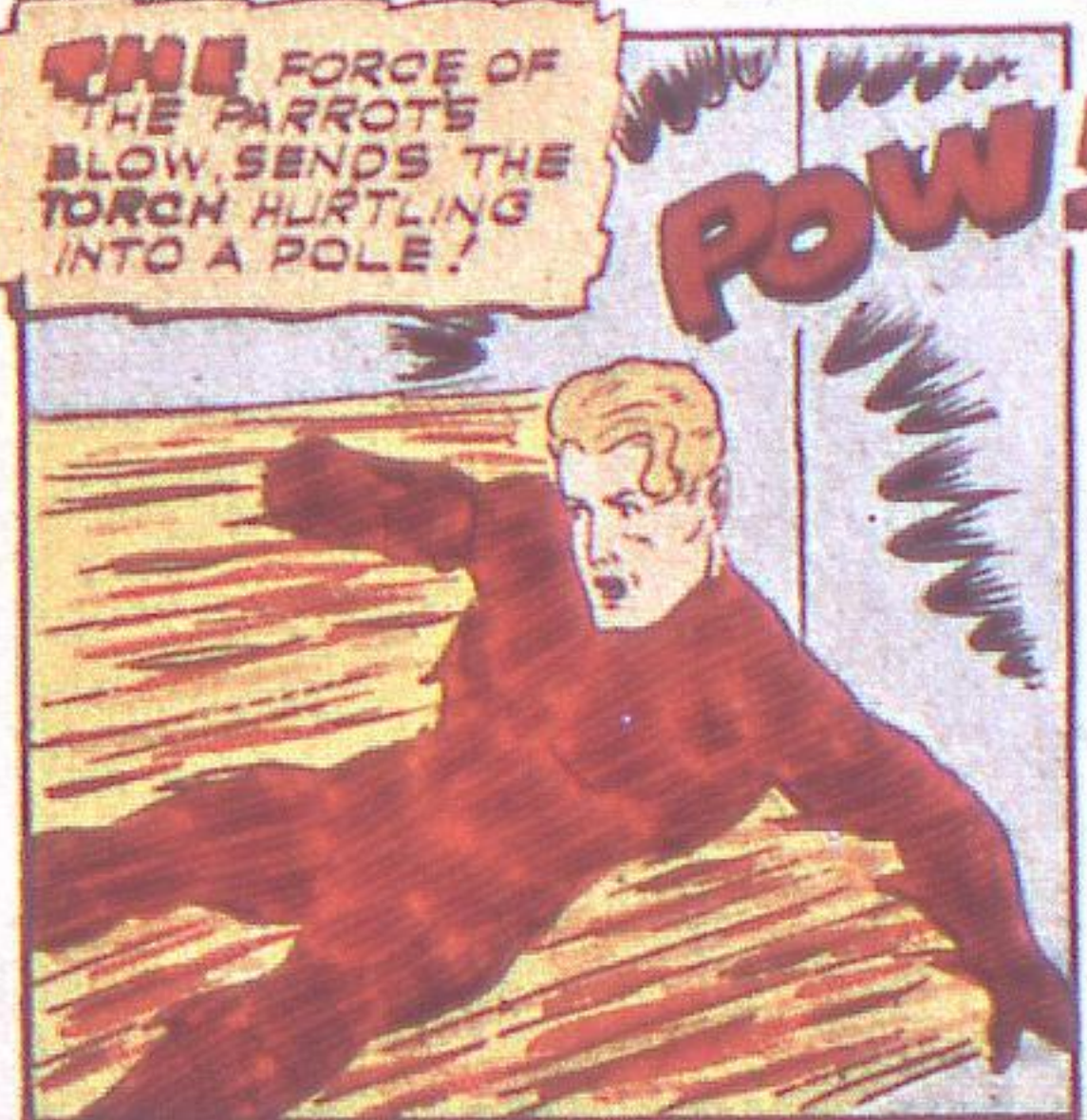


HOW DO YOU LIKE THE GREEN KNUCKLES, TORCH?

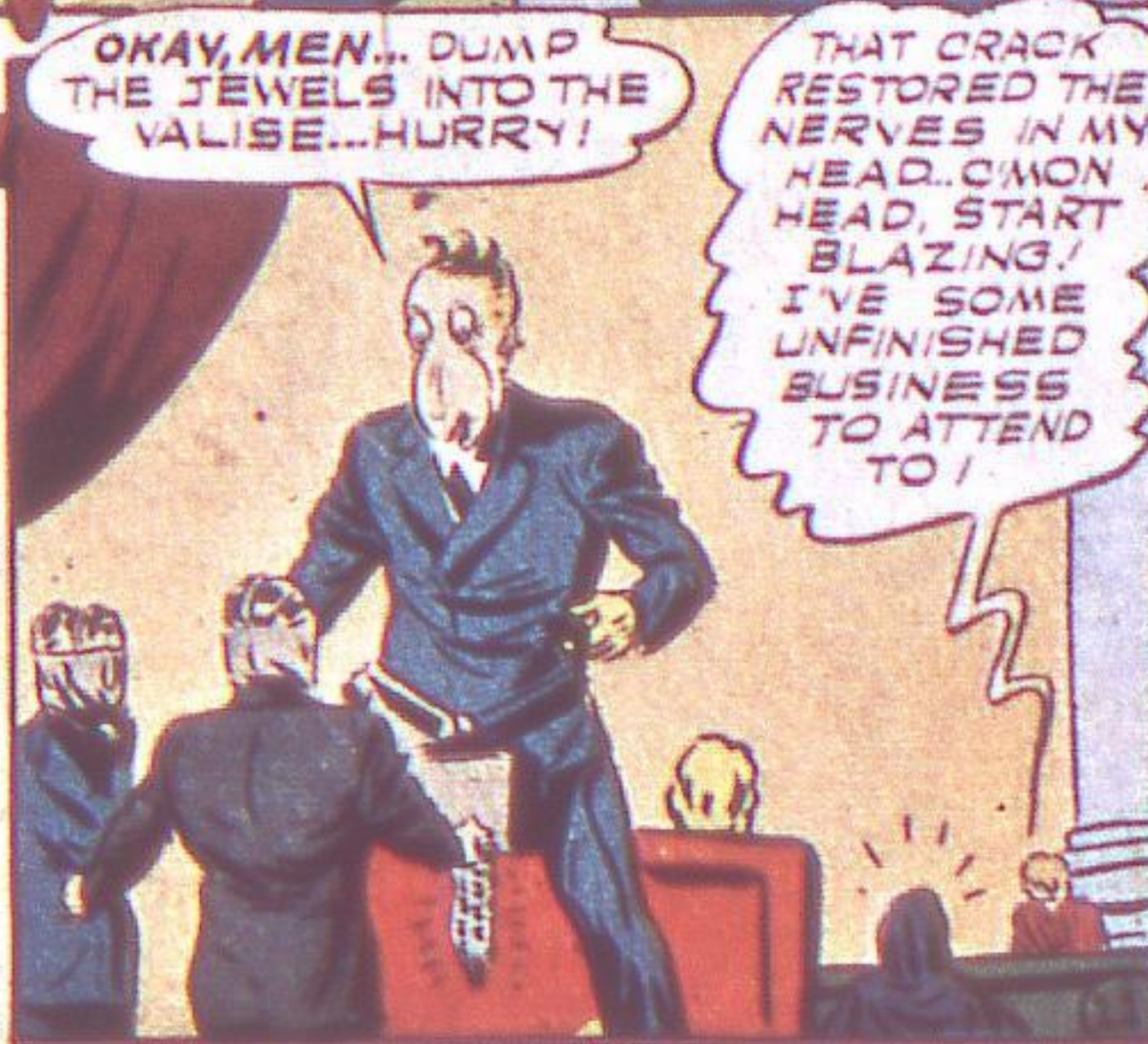
YEOW! IT'S FREEZING! AND FORCING OUT MY FLAME!

HAW!

UGH! MY FACE, IT'S PARALYZED!



THE FORCE OF THE PARROT'S BLOW SENDS THE TORCH HURLING INTO A POLE!



THAT CRACK RESTORED THE NERVES IN MY HEAD... C'MON HEAD, START BLAZING! I'VE SOME UNFINISHED BUSINESS TO ATTEND TO!

THE TORCH HURLS A BLANKET OF FLAME AT THE PARROT AND HIS MEN...



THE PERFECT SCREEN...

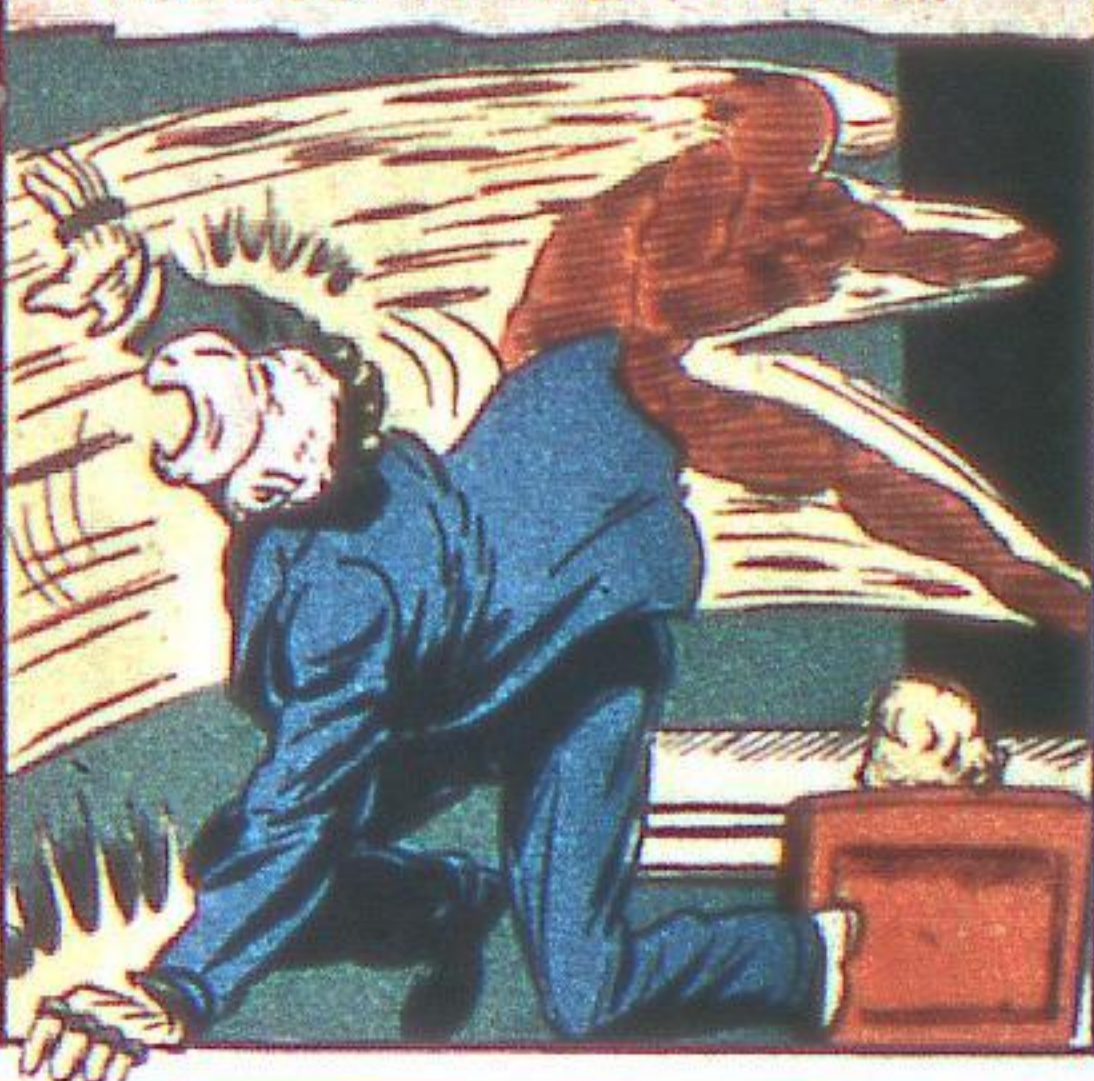
SECONDS LATER, THE TORCH DARTS THRU THE FLAME SCREEN...



GOING SOMEWHERE, PAL?

YEOW!

THE PARROT'S HUGE FRAME CRASHES TO THE FLOOR...



...BUT WITH BIRD-LIKE ACTION, THE PARROT RECOVERS, AND LEAPS OVER THE ORCHESTRA PIT TO LAND ON THE STAGE...



NIJINSKY WOULD BE PROUD OF ME!



NOT GOOD ENOUGH PARROT! HERE'S A COUPLE OF FIRE-HOOPS!



THE FLAMING HOOPS DROP TO THE STAGE FLOOR...

IT'S BURNING A HOLE IN THE FLOOR!



THE FLOOR GAVE WAY!

DON'T WORRY, I'M RIGHT BEHIND YOU!



HERE'S A
BLAZING FULL
NELSON.
CHUM!



MIGHTY THUD ECHOES AS
BOTH MEN LAND ON THE
BOTTOM OF THE PROP-ROOM!



THE PARROT LEAPS FROM
THE FLOOR AND POUNDS
HIS ASBESTOS-CLAD FIST
INTO THE TORCH!

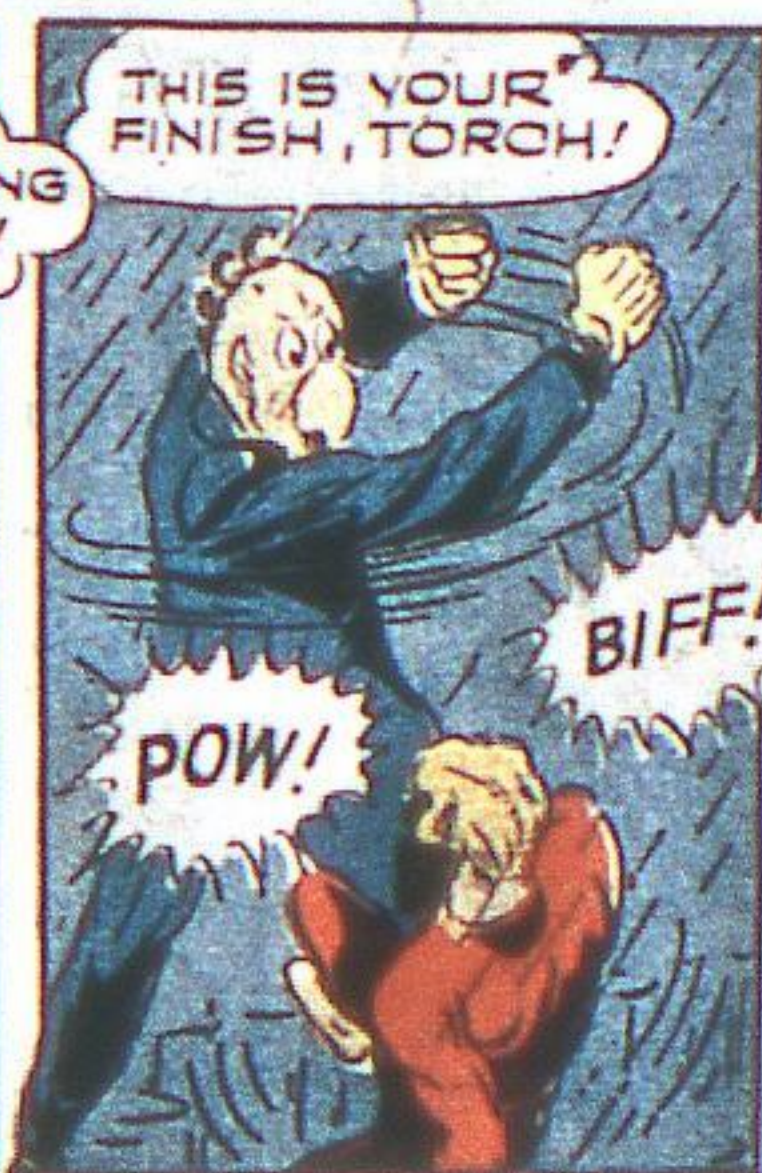


THE TORCH SHOOTS
TOWARD THE CEILING.
DAZED... HIS BLAZING
BODY HITS A
SPRINKLER...



HAW! IT'S RAINING
CATS AND DOGS.
AND THE TORCH'S
FLAME IS FUSING!
THIS IS GOING TO
BE GOOD!

UH-OH!
HE'S COMING
FOR ME!



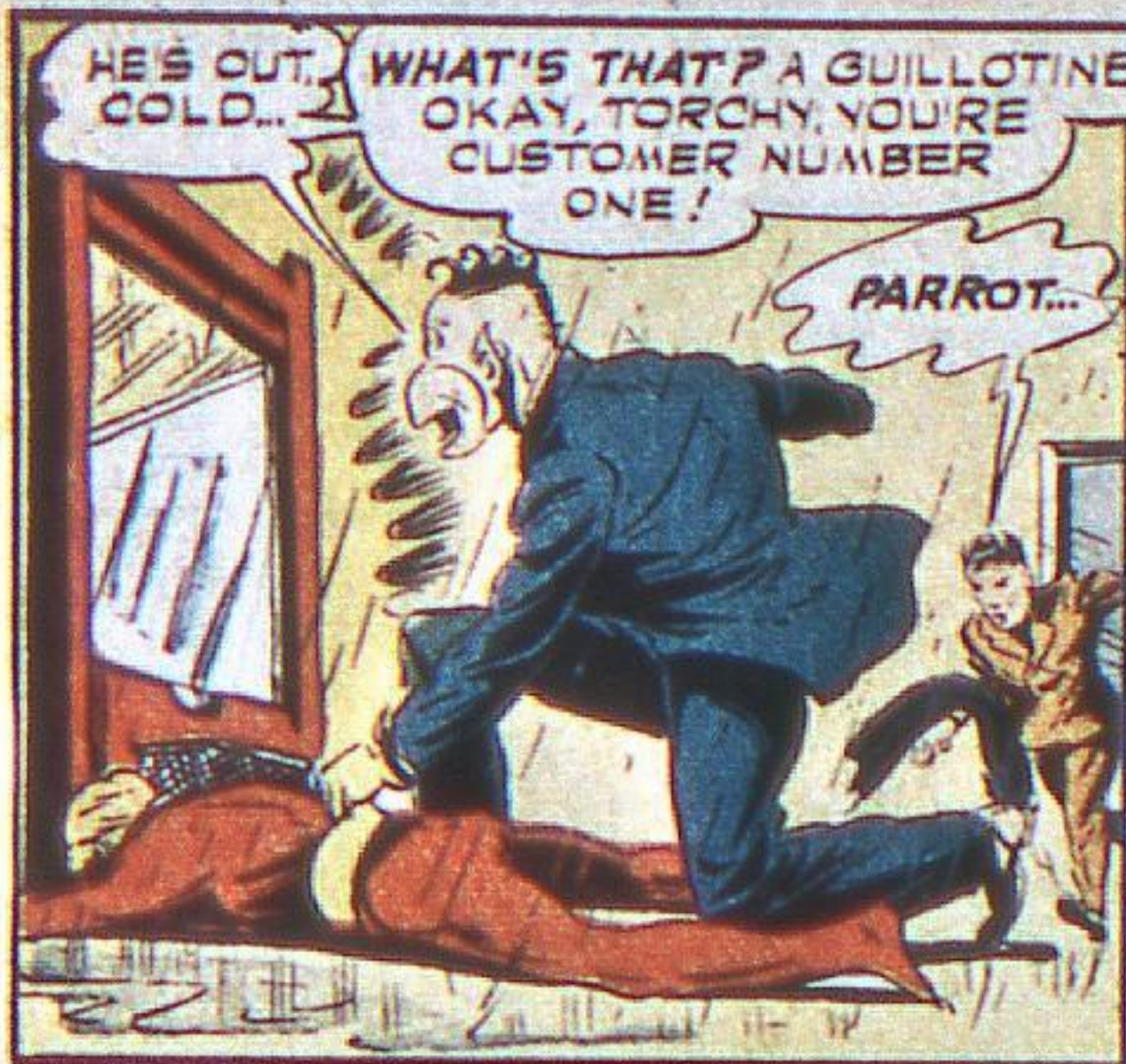
THIS IS YOUR
FINISH, TORCH!

POW!

BIFF!



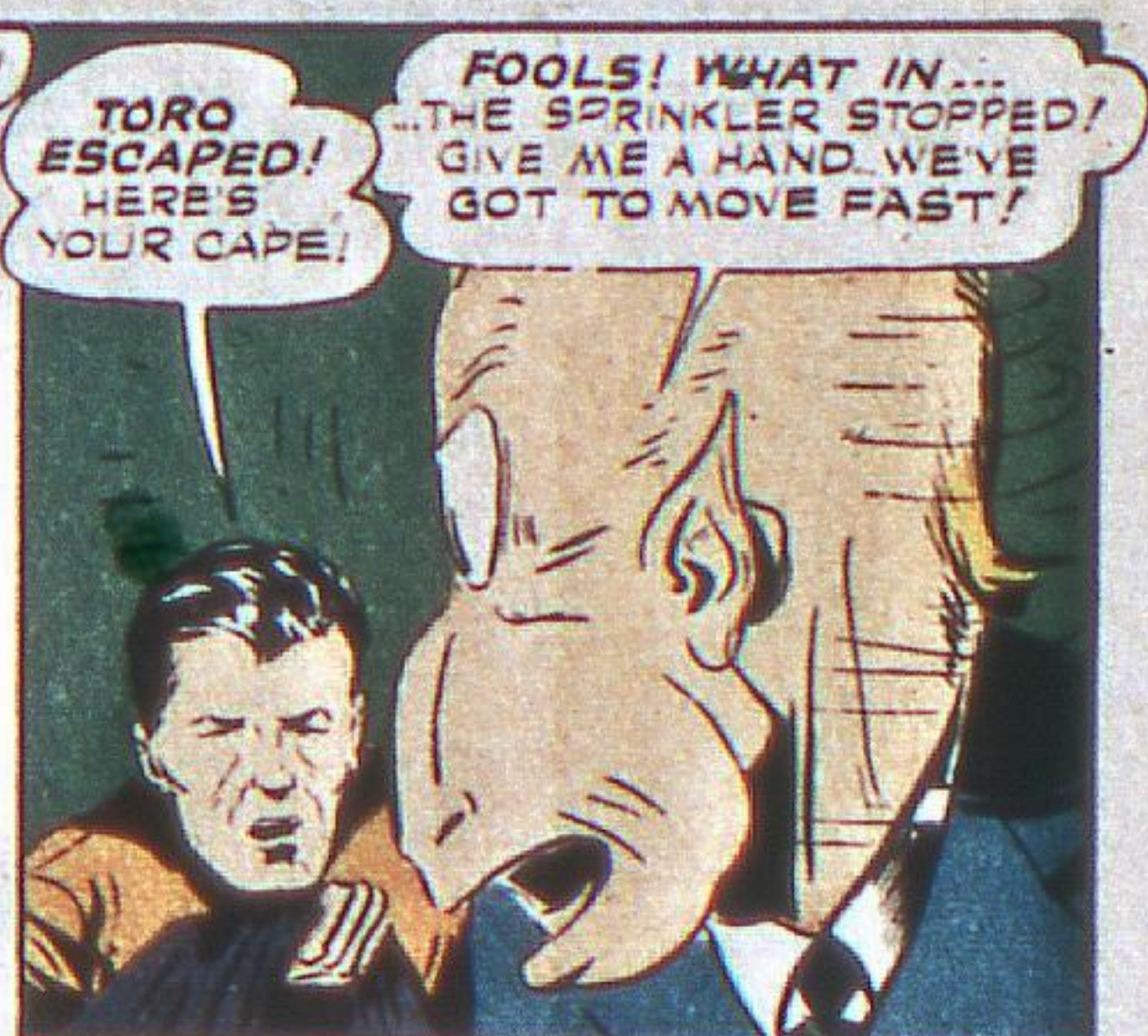
WHAT? NO
COME BACK,
TORCH?



HE'S OUT, COLD...

WHAT'S THAT? A GUILLOTINE!
OKAY, TORCHY, YOU'RE CUSTOMER NUMBER ONE!

PARROT...



TORO ESCAPED!
HERE'S YOUR CAPE!

FOOLS! WHAT IN...
...THE SPRINKLER STOPPED!
GIVE ME A HAND, WE'VE GOT TO MOVE FAST!



OKAY... LET HER GO!



TORO WINGS UNDER THE SHARP BLADE, AND MELTS IT...

THIS WON'T DO ANY HARM NOW!



BLAST THE BRAT! I'LL... WHAT'S THAT? SOUNDS LIKE THE FIRE DEPARTMENT HAS ARRIVED!

OH-H! WHERE AM I?



POLICE AND FIREMEN STORM INTO THE OPERA HOUSE...

THE SPRINKLER SIGNAL CAME FROM THE PROP ROOM!

LET'S GO!

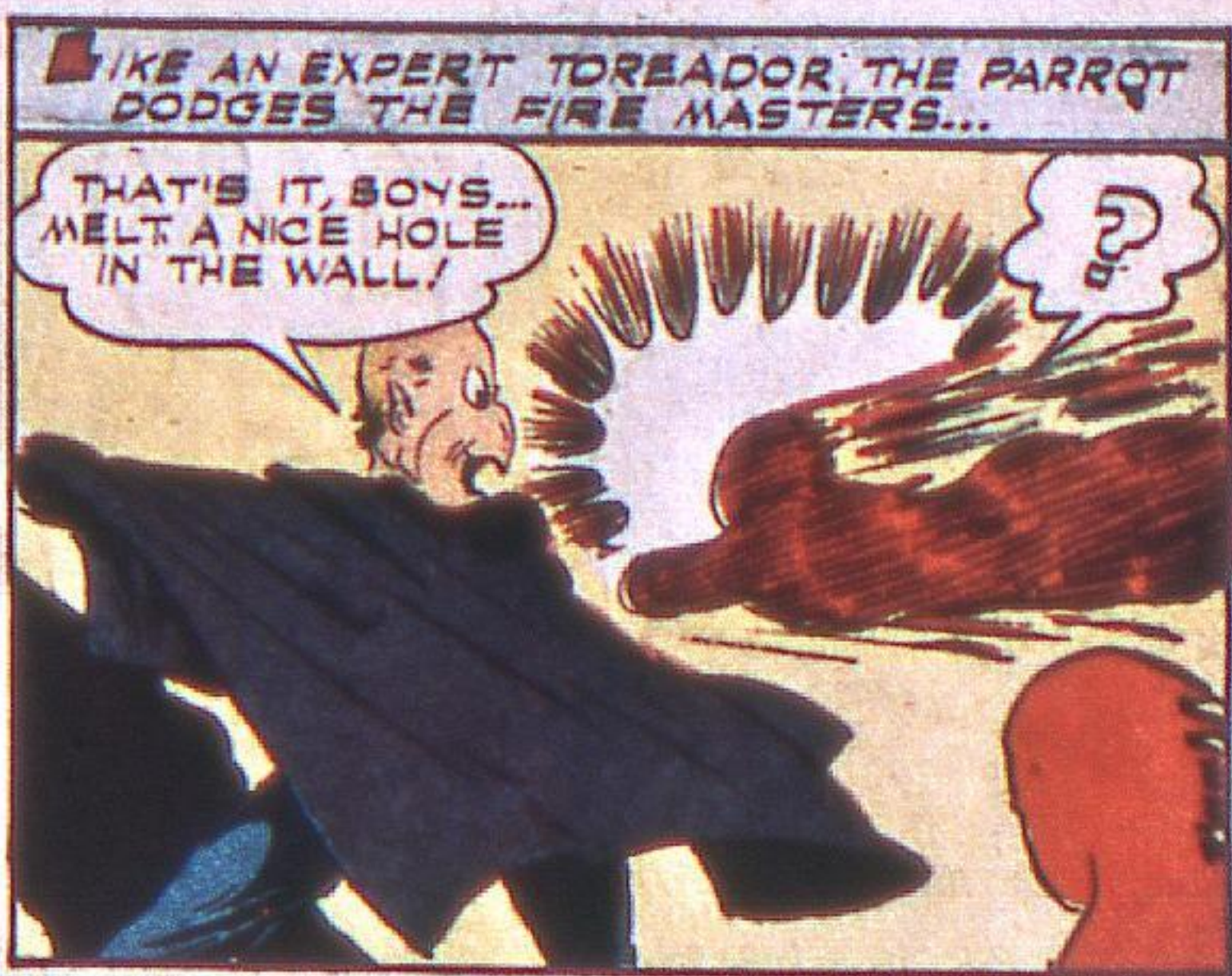


THEY'RE COMING TO THIS ROOM! THERE'S NO EXIT! WE'RE TRAPPED!

OH, NO! WE'VE GOT THE TORCH! NOW WATCH, MATADOR PARROT GO INTO ACTION!



DON'T FRET, I WILL!

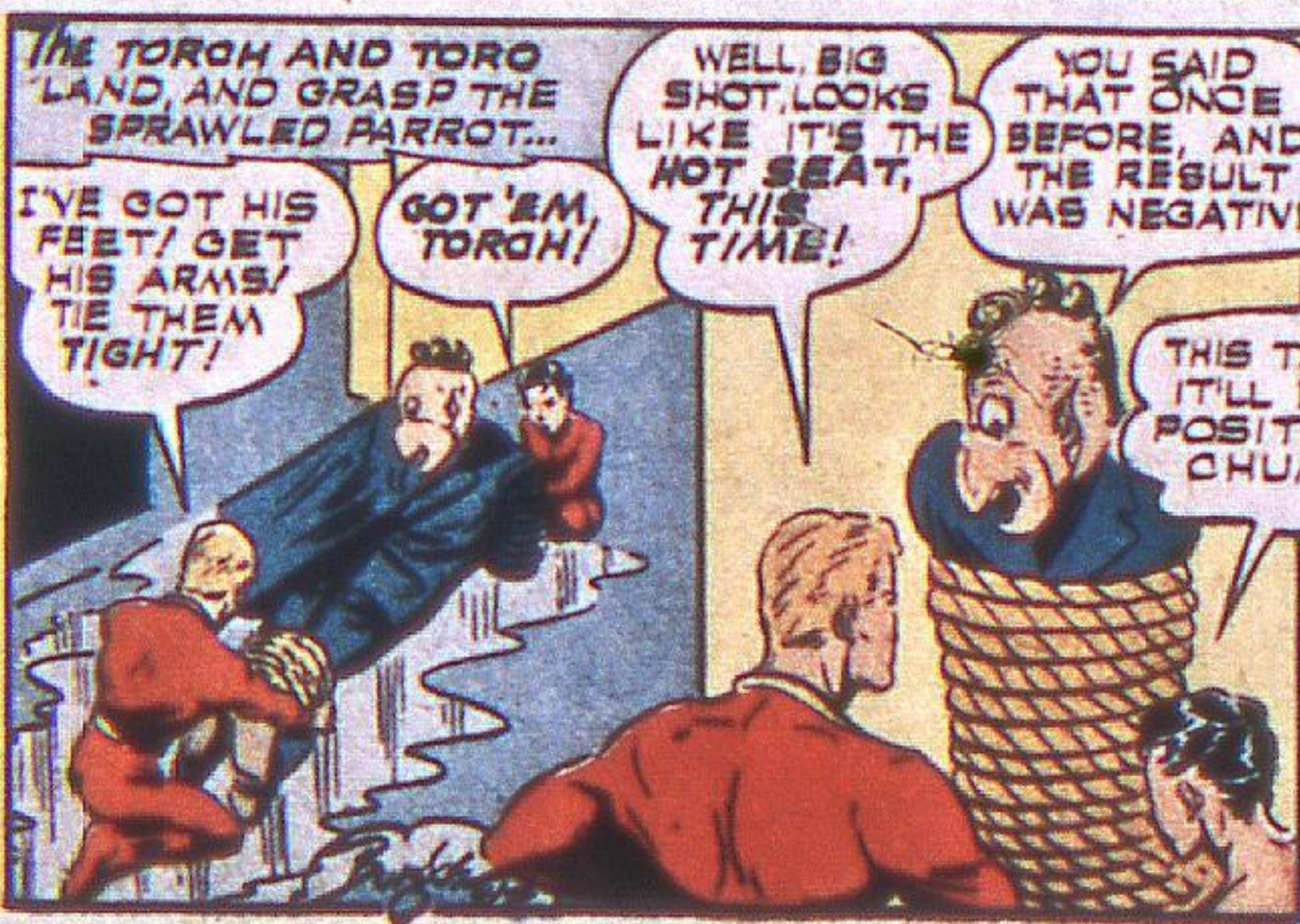


LIKE AN EXPERT TOREADOR, THE PARROT DODGES THE FIRE MASTERS...



OKS THE MEN RUSH THRU THE MELTED BRICK, THEY SLIP AND SLIDE ALONG THE PAVEMENT!

GOT THE ROPE, TOROP?



GOT 'EM, TORCH!

WELL, BIG SHOT, LOOKS LIKE IT'S THE HOT SEAT, THIS TIME!

YOU SAID THAT ONCE BEFORE, AND THE RESULT WAS NEGATIVE!

THIS TIME IT'LL BE POSITIVE, CHUM!

WILL THE PARROT APPEAR AGAIN?
FOLLOW THE
HUMAN TORCH
EACH MONTH IN
MARVEL COMICS

Things **THE YOUNG ALLIES** COMICS

START TO HAPPEN WHEN THE VALIANT YOUNG BUCKY OF CAPTAIN AMERICA JOINS UP WITH THE FIERY TORO OF THE HUMAN TORCH AND THE TWO DARE-DEVIL YOUNGSTERS AND THEIR GANG BECOME

WITH SPIES AND 5th COLUMNISTS THREATENING THE U.S. ON ALL SIDES, WE SENTINELS OF LIBERTY HAVE DECIDED TO DO OUR BIT AND FIGHT THEM FOR OURSELVES! SO TAKE WARNING, TRAITORS, IT'S GONNA BE A FIGHT TO THE FINISH-- AND THE YOUNG ALLIES ARE OUT TO SEE THAT IT'S YOUR FINISH!

HA-HA! THOSE YOUNG BRATS THINK THAT THEY CAN DEFEAT ME THE RED SKULL! BUT I'LL DESTROY THEM JUST AS I DESTROY EVERYTHING ELSE THAT STANDS IN MY WAY OF CONQUERING AMERICA!

NOW ON SALE

INTRODUCING--

BUBBY TINKLE-- OUR REFUGEE FROM A CIRCUS WHO WOULD MUCH RATHER EAT THAN FIGHT CRIMINALS!

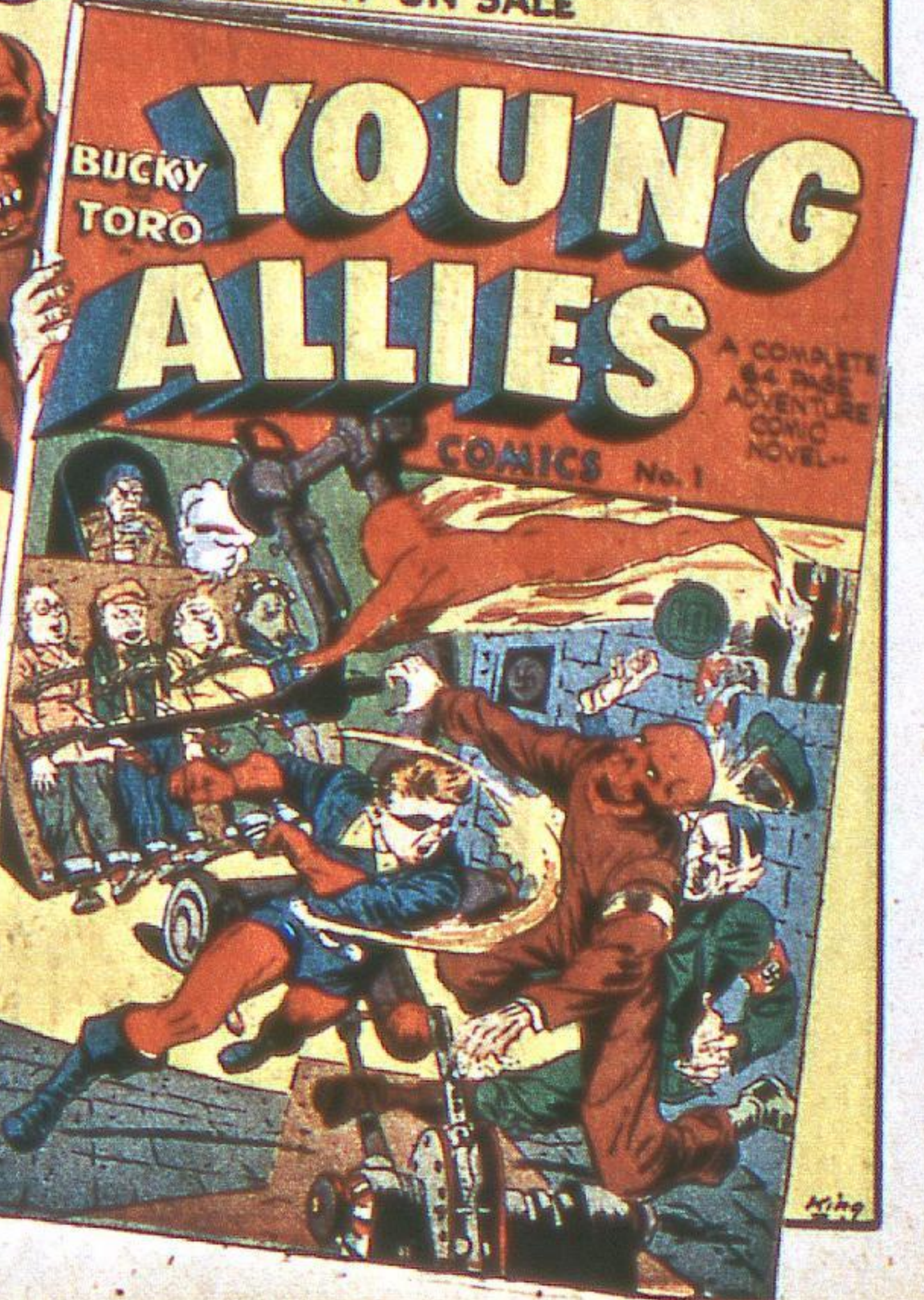
OUR OWN "DEAD END" KID, "KNUCKLES" PERCY BARTWELL--

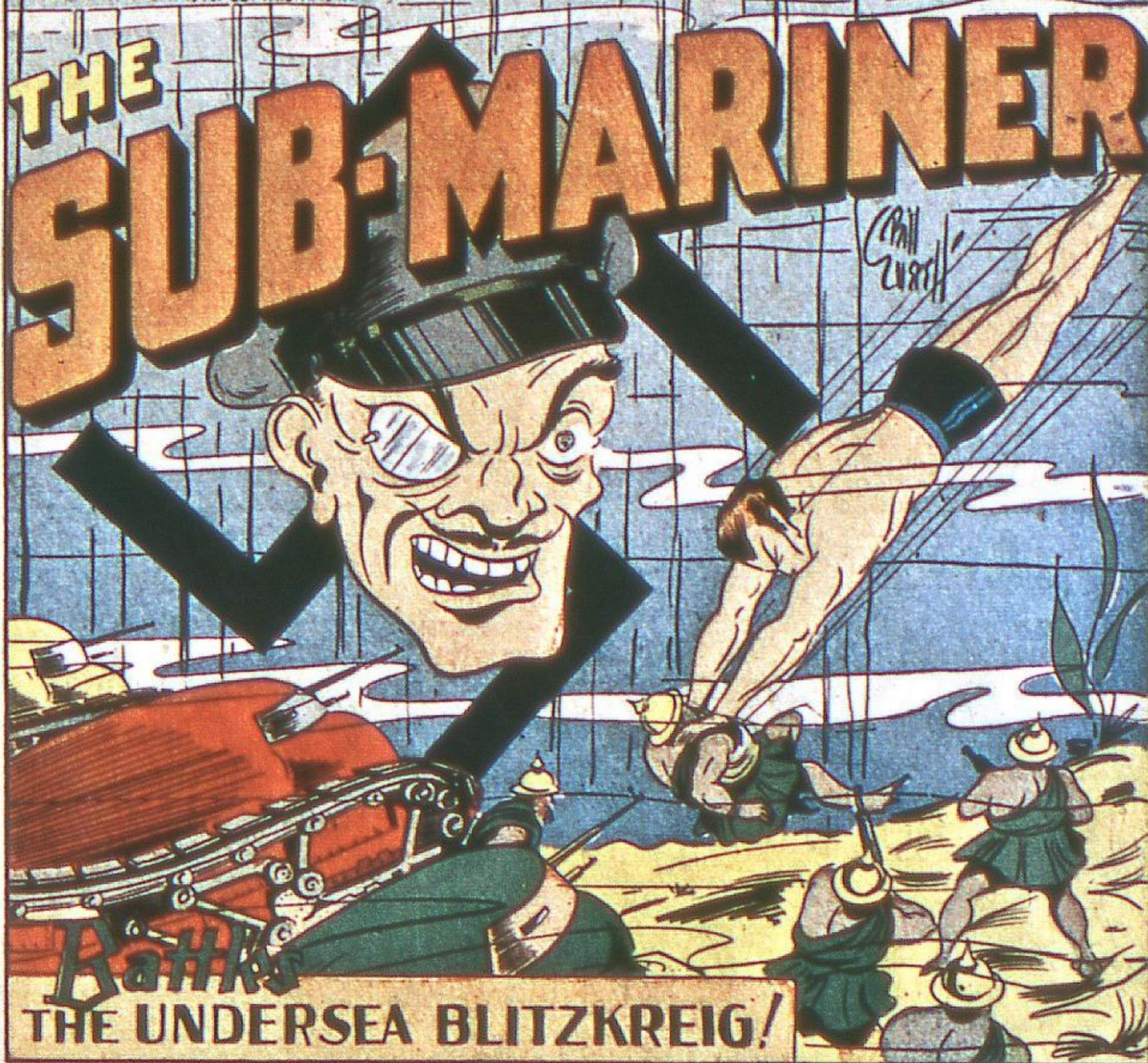
WASHINGTON VANDERBILT JEFFERSON-- FROM "HIGH SOCIETY"-- BUT A REAL GUY!

WHITEWASH JONES-- WHO CAN MAKE A HARMONICA TALK AND WATERMELONS DISAPPEAR!

Against

THESE 6 REAL AMERICAN BOYS IS PITTED THE TERRIFYING MENACE OF THE DEMON KILLER, THE RED SKULL, AND THE ENTIRE MURDEROUS NAZI LEGIONS! FOLLOW THE HAIR-RAISING ADVENTURES OF THE YOUNG ALLIES IN THIS 64 PAGE ACTION-PACKED NOVEL-- THE MOST DIFFERENT AND EXCITING MAGAZINE IN AMERICA!





NAMOR, AFTER
CLEARING UP THE
MYSTERY OF THE
DISAPPEARING
CONVICTS, PAYS A
VISIT TO THE LOCAL
POLICE IN THE
LITTLE OREGON
TOWN.....

CHIEF, I'VE BEEN IN THE STATES
FOR QUITE A WHILE NOW, AND I
THINK IT'S TIME I WENT SOUTH TO
THE ANTARCTIC TO SEE HOW MY
PEOPLE HAVE FARED IN MY
ABSENCE.

YOU'RE
WISE,
NAMOR.

I SHALL BE BACK, OF COURSE - MY WORK
HERE IS NOT YET FINISHED - BUT WHILE
I AM AWAY I WONDER IF YOU WOULD LOOK
AFTER MY LITTLE "BLITZ-BUGGY"?

SURE THING!
WE'LL PUT IT IN
STORAGE FOR
YOU.

A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE SUB-MARINER ZOOMS OVER THE TOWN, HEADED FOR THE PACIFIC OCEAN...



AND SOME TIME LATER CRASHES THROUGH ITS SURFACE ----



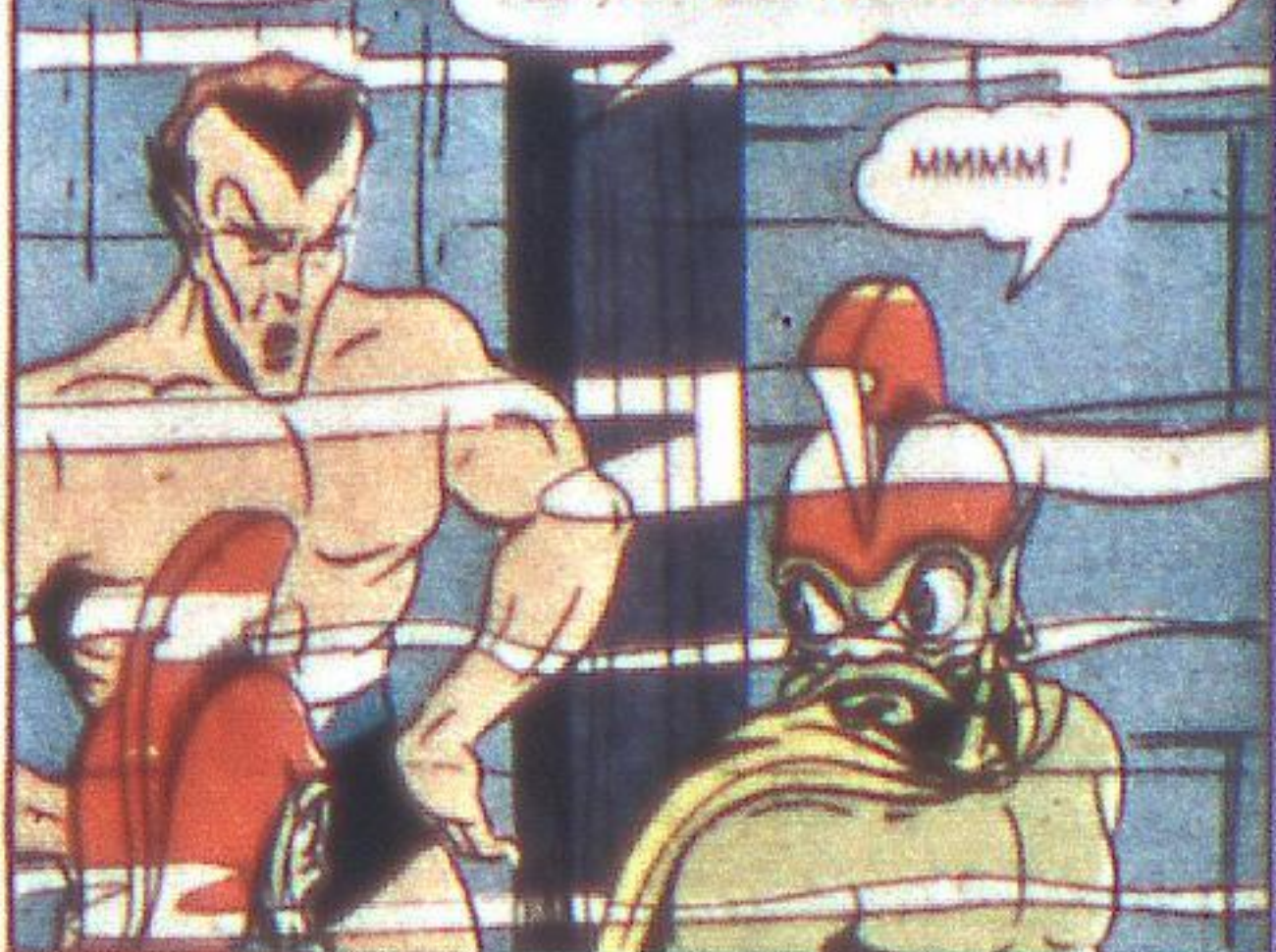
IT'LL SURE BE GOOD TO GET HOME TO MOTHER, DORMA, AND THE REST OF MY FAMILY. HOPE EVERYTHING'S ALL RIGHT THERE....



A FEW DAYS LATER, HE ARRIVES AT THE GATES OF HIS SOUTH ANTARCTIC EMPIRE...



WELL! WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THAT FRIGID SALUTATION? IT'S ME - NAMOR - YOUR EMPEROR! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU? HAVE YOU LOST ALL RESPECT FOR AUTHORITY?



SO - YOU WON'T TALK, EH? I'LL HAVE YOU THROWN IN IRONS FOR THIS OUTRAGE, YOU IMPUDENT FOOL! NOW ESCORT ME TO THE CASTLE, OR YOU'LL SUFFER A WORSE FATE THAN THAT!

WITH PLEASURE!



BUT NO SOONER DOES NAMOR PASS THROUGH THE GATES, THEN.....



THE TRAITOROUS GUARDS
CARRY HIM HURRIEDLY TO
THE CASTLE, AND HE IS
THROWN INTO AN ICY
DUNGEON....



MOMENTS LATER, HE REVIVES....

WOW! WHAT HIT ME? OH-OH!
WHY, THOSE DIRTY DOGS! THEY'VE
PUT ME IN PRISON! WHAT'S THIS
ALL ABOUT, ANYWAY?



THE HEAVY STEEL DOOR GRINDS
SLOWLY OPEN, AND LIGHT FEET
TRIP DOWN THE STEPS....

WELCOME HOME,
COUSIN!

HUH? OH-
DORMA!



UH-HUH, IT'S ME, NAMOR -
PROBABLY THE ONLY FRIEND
YOU HAVE LEFT IN THE EMPIRE!
THINGS HAVE CHANGED PLENTY
SINCE YOU WENT AWAY - ONE OF
YOUR UNCLES, DAKA, HAS
OVERTHROWN THE OLD REGIME,
AND HAS ESTABLISHED A
TOTALITARIAN STATE HERE, WITH
HIMSELF AS DICTATOR. HE'S
OUTLAWED YOU AS EMPEROR,
AND HAS ORDERED YOUR
EXECUTION!



IF IT WEREN'T THAT DAKA IS IN
LOVE WITH ME, EVEN I WOULDN'T
BE ALLOWED TO SEE YOU. YOUR
MOTHER'S IN PRISON, TOO - THE
ENTIRE CABINET WAS PURGED.
AND AS THE FINAL CRUSHING
BLOW, DAKA'S SIGNED AN
ALLIANCE WITH OUR
FORMER ENEMIES, THE
SEAL PEOPLE!



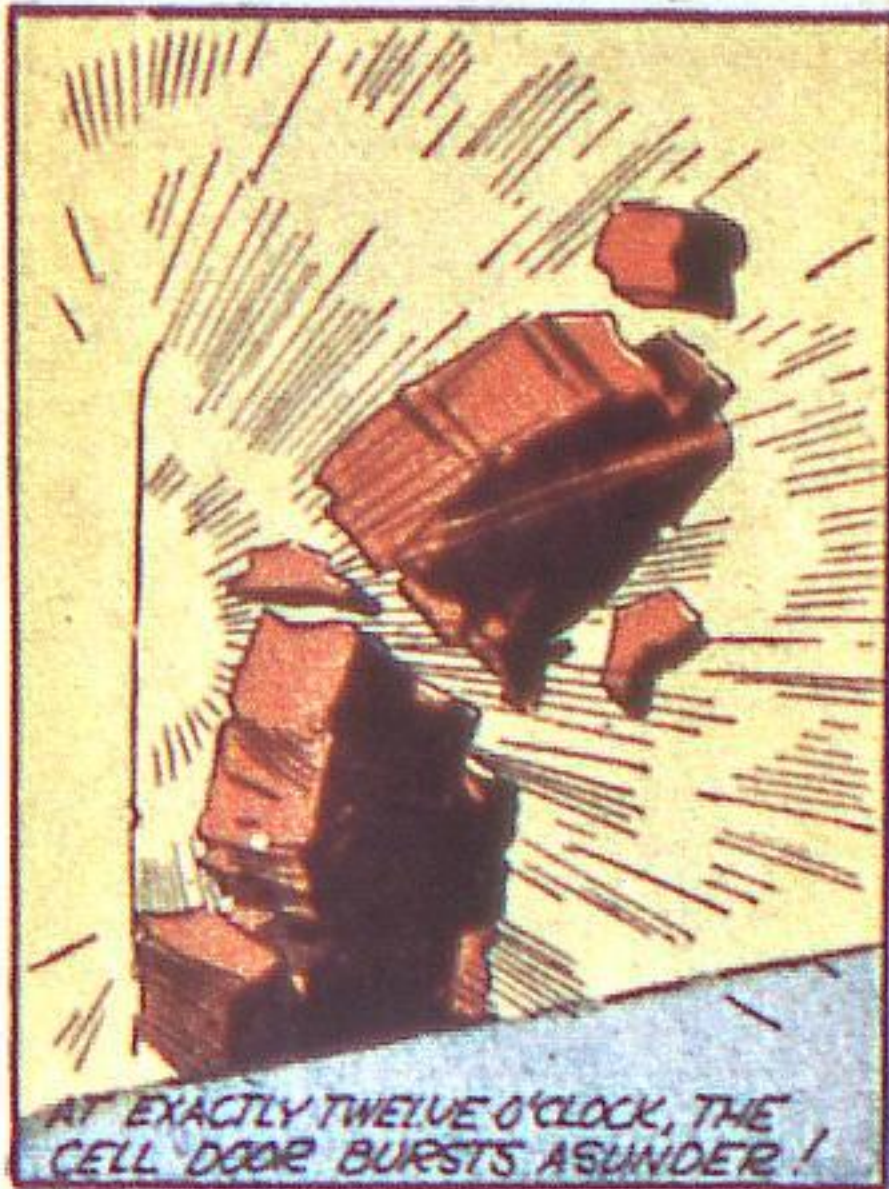
HOLY MACKEREL! THAT IS NEWS! WHY, I
CAN'T BELIEVE IT - MY OWN UNCLE, MY MOTHER'S
HALF-BROTHER, MAKING FRIENDS WITH THE
SEAL PEOPLE! WE'VE GOT TO STOP IT, DORMA -
YOU KNOW HOW TREACHEROUS THEY ARE!
I MUST GET OUT OF HERE - BUT HOW?



I'VE A PLAN I THINK WILL WORK...
AT ELEVEN-THIRTY P.M. I BRING
COFFEE TO THE GUARDS - A LITTLE
SLEEPING POWDER WILL FIX
THEM. HERE'S A PHIAL OF
NITROGLYCERINE-USE IT AT
MIDNIGHT, AND MEET ME IN
THE SOUTH CORRIDOR!

SWELL!





AT EXACTLY TWELVE O'CLOCK, THE CELL DOOR BURSTS ASUNDER!



AND A FEW SECONDS LATER, NAMOR RACES INTO THE SOUTH CORRIDOR...

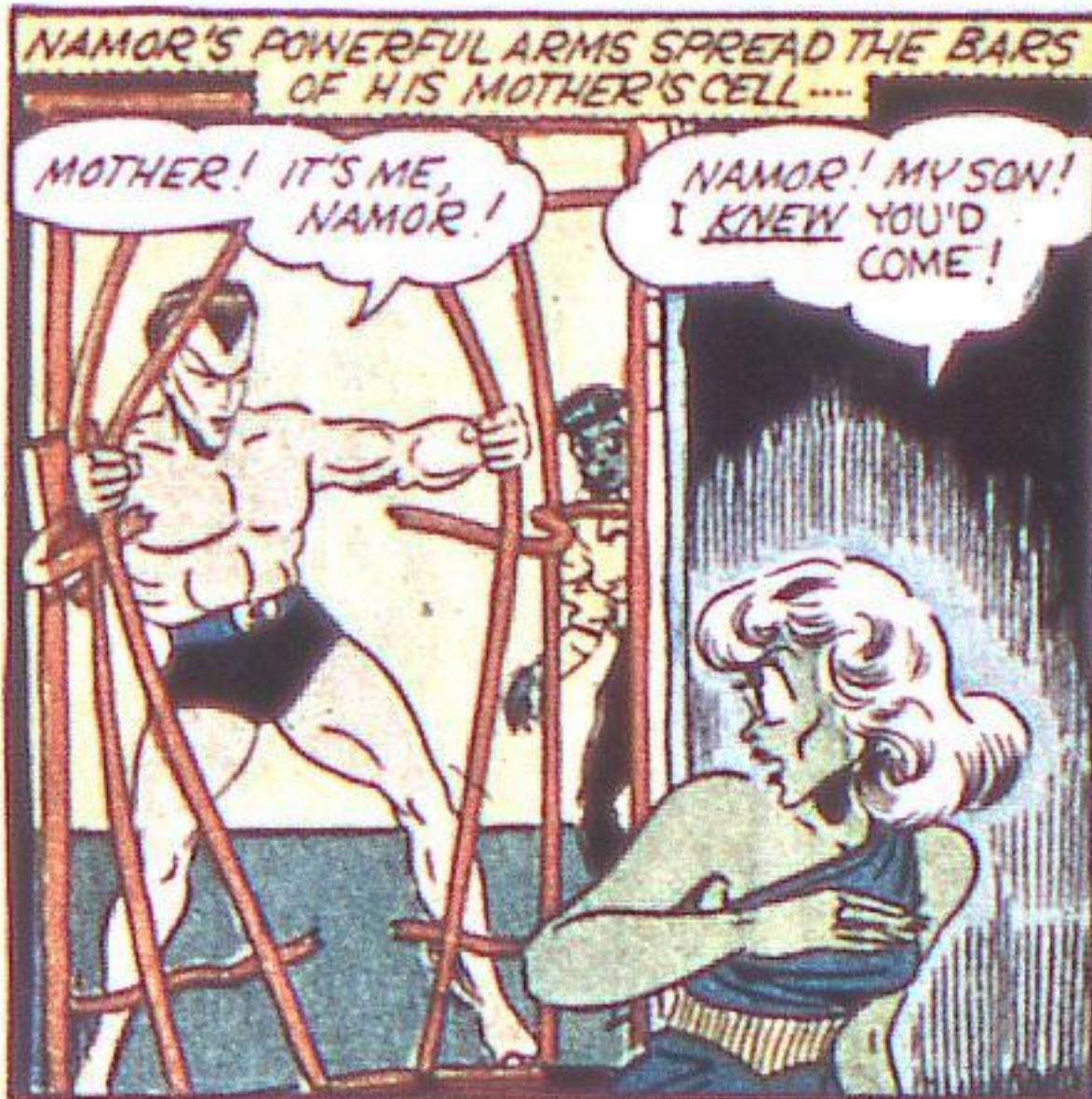
HURRY, COUSIN! THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE!

I'M WITH YOU, SWEETHEART!



DOWN THIS CELL-BLOCK - YOUR MOTHER'S IN NUMBER 13 - I DRUGGED THE GUARDS HERE, TOO, BUT WE'LL STILL HAVE TO HURRY!

WHAT HAPPENS AFTER WE FREE HER?



NAMOR'S POWERFUL ARMS SPREAD THE BARS OF HIS MOTHER'S CELL...

MOTHER! IT'S ME, NAMOR!

NAMOR! MY SON! I KNEW YOU'D COME!



QUICKLY! UP THESE STAIRS TO THE SECRET TOWER! I'LL HIDE THERE, AND DORMA CAN BRING ME FOOD.

GOOD! I'LL DISGUISE MYSELF AS A TRIBESMAN, AND MIX WITH THE GUARDS.

MAYBE YOU CAN CHISEL IN ON A SCOUT PARTY!



HOW DOES THIS PLASTIC MASK LOOK?

WONDERFUL! IT YIELDS TO EVERY EXPRESSION - IT'S ALMOST TOO REAL! BUT YOU'D BETTER GET GOING, COUSIN!



THE FOLLOWING DAY, NAMOR, DISGUISED, MIXES WITH THE CREW OF A SCOUTING CRUISER, ASSIGNED TO DUTY ON THE ISLANDS OF THE SEAL PEOPLE...



IN THE MORNING, DAKA, THE NEW
DICTATOR, TAKES OFF IN AN AERIAL-
SUBMARINE, WHILE NAMOR, CLOSE
BEHIND, FOLLOWS...

BETTER TO TRAIL THEM THIS WAY,
THAN TO RISK ANOTHER DISGUISE.



AN HOUR LATER, THROUGH THE WINDOW OF
ONE OF LONU-NE'S IGLOOS, HE OVERHEARS
THE TRIUMVIRATE IN CONFERENCE--

IT WILL BE EASY, MY FRIENDS... WE WILL
PROCEED EN MASSE TO THE SOUTH-EASTERN
TIP OF ARGENTINA, ATTACK
IN BLITZ FASHION, AND
INVADE BEFORE THE
SOUTH AMERICANS CAN
RETALIATE!

GUT!



SPEEDILY, NAMOR RETURNS
TO THE SECRET TOWER

SO! THAT'S THEIR GAME!
THEY'RE JOINING FORCES
TO INVADE THE
ARGENTINE, AND
GAIN CONTROL OF
SOUTH AMERICA!
WELL.... WE'LL
SEE!



HE TELLS DORMA WHAT HE HAS
LEARNED.

HOLY MACKEREL! THAT'S BAD,
PRINCE! WE'VE GOT TO WORK
FAST.... I'VE ASSEMBLED A
GROUP OF LOYALISTS WHO ARE
READY TO HELP US - PERHAPS
YOU'D BETTER SPEAK TO
THEM.

GOOD! WHERE
ARE THEY?



A FEW MOMENTS LATER.....

MEN! I'VE TOLD YOU HOW THINGS STAND... NOW,
HOW MANY OF YOU ARE STILL READY TO GIVE YOUR
LIVES TO OVERTHROW THIS DICTATORSHIP, AND
AVERT THE WAR?

I'M READY!

ME TOO!

LET'S
GO!

WE'RE ALL WITH
YOU, PRINCE
NAMOR!



THAT NIGHT, AS SHADOWS SETTLE AROUND THE CASTLE,
NAMOR'S MEN SILENTLY RAID THE ARSENALS...

NO ONE IN SIGHT!

KEEP A SHARP LOOKOUT,
DORMA - WE DON'T WANT
TO BE CAUGHT NOW!



BACK IN THE TOWER, AS DAWN APPROACHES,
NAMOR ADDRESSES HIS FOLLOWERS...

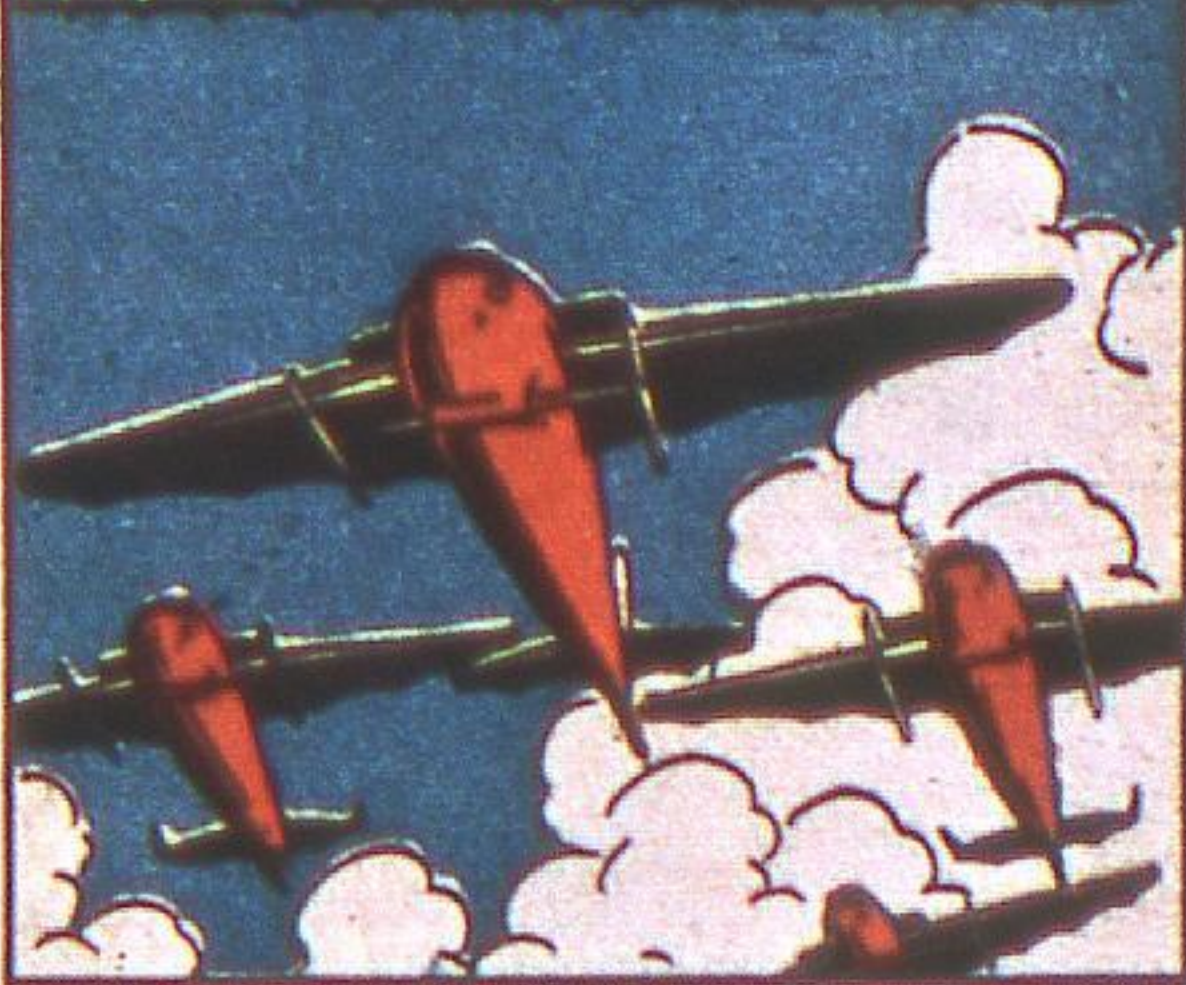
LISTEN, MEN, NOTHING MUST STAND IN OUR
WAY! THIS WILL BE A DEATH-STRUGGLE, BUT
WE'VE GOT TO BREAK UP THIS TRIPLE ENTENTE,
OR WE SHALL BE SLAVES FOR THE REST
OF OUR LIVES! NOW - COME
ON - LET'S GO!



ON THE FOLLOWING DAY, THE FORCES OF THE THREE
TOTALITARIAN STATES MEET, AND SET THEIR COURSE
DUE NORTH



WHILE SILENTLY, IN ATTACK FORMATION, THE
AERIAL-SUBS OF RAMON'S LOYALISTS FOLLOW
AT SOME DISTANCE TO THE REAR



SUDDENLY, FROM OUT
OF THE CLOUDS, AN
ARGENTINE SCOUT
PLANE DIVES DOWN
ON THE INVADING
FLEET!



FRANTICALLY, THE PILOT
RADIOES A WARNING TO
HIS HOME BASE ...

INVADERS !!!
NAZIS!

IMMEDIATELY A PORTION OF THE ARGENTINE
NAVY PUTS OUT TO INTERCEPT THE INVADING
CRAFT ...

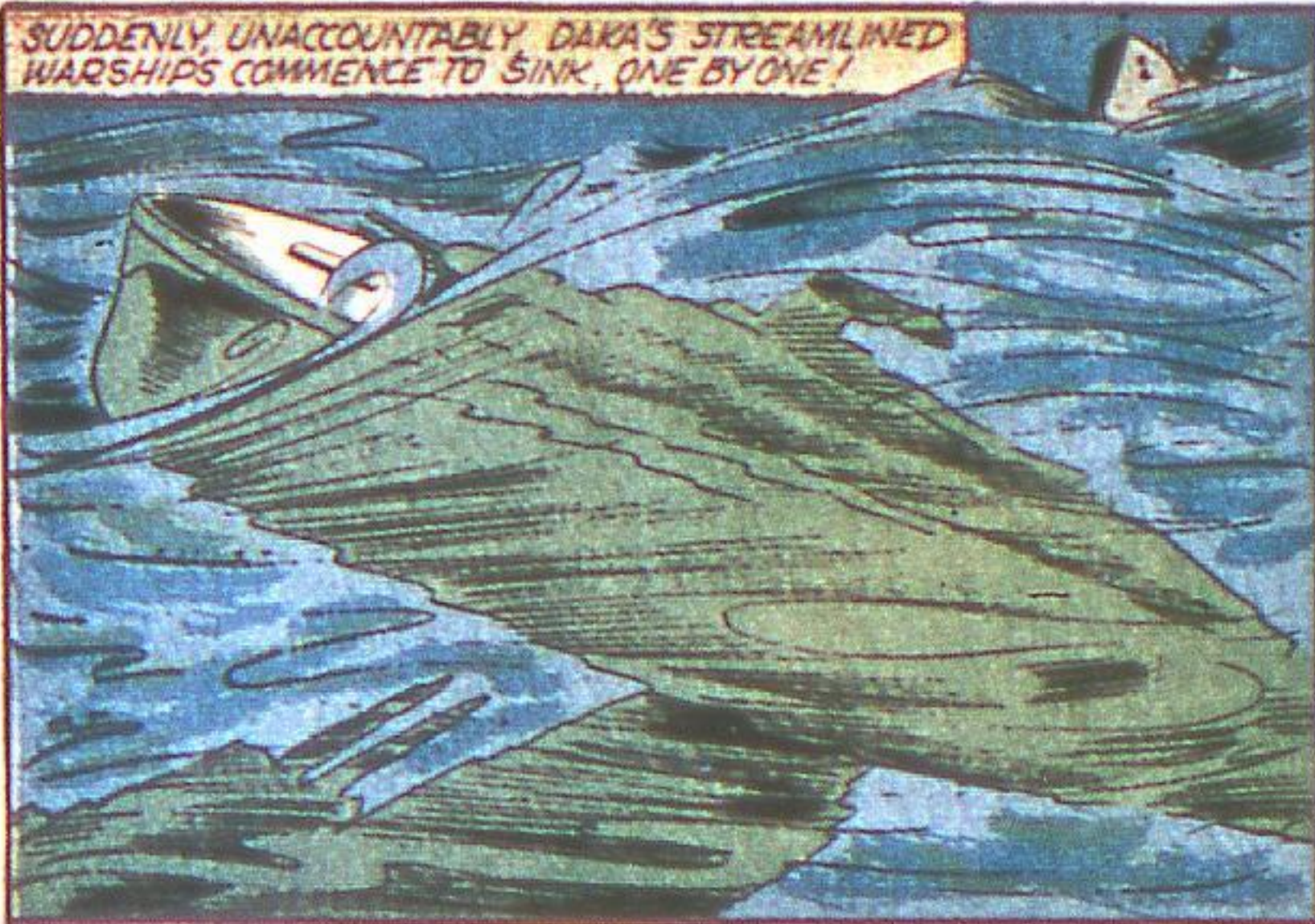


FULL SPEED
AHEAD!



AND THE BATTLE IS ON!

SUDDENLY, UNACCOUNTABLY DAKA'S STREAMLINED WARSHIPS COMMENCE TO SINK, ONE BY ONE!



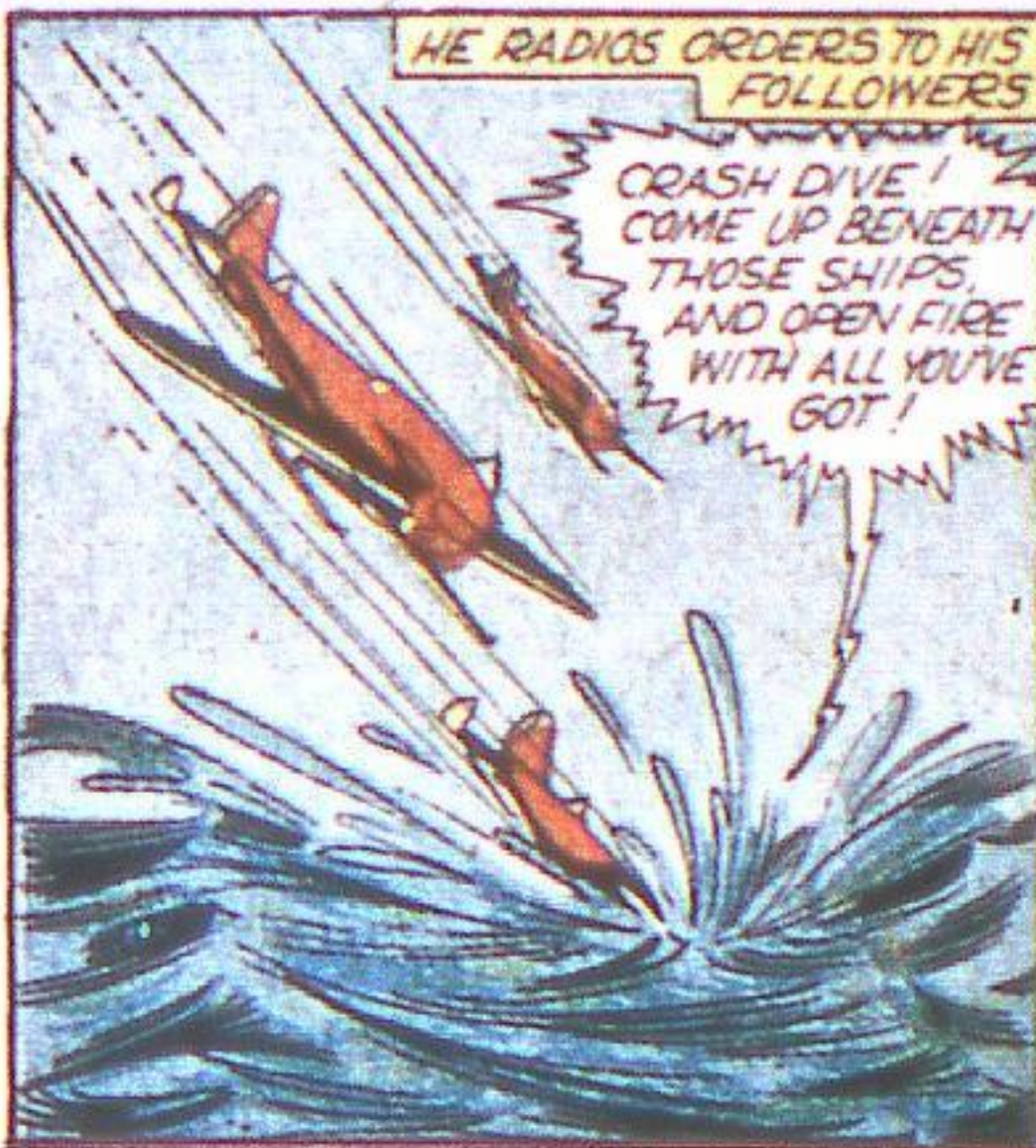
FROM HIS AERIAL-SUB, NAMOR WATCHES AGHAST AT THESE STRANGE DEVELOPMENTS---

HOLY HADDOCK! THOSE SHIPS AREN'T SINKING — THEY'RE SUBMERGING! WHAT SORT OF TRICK IS THIS?

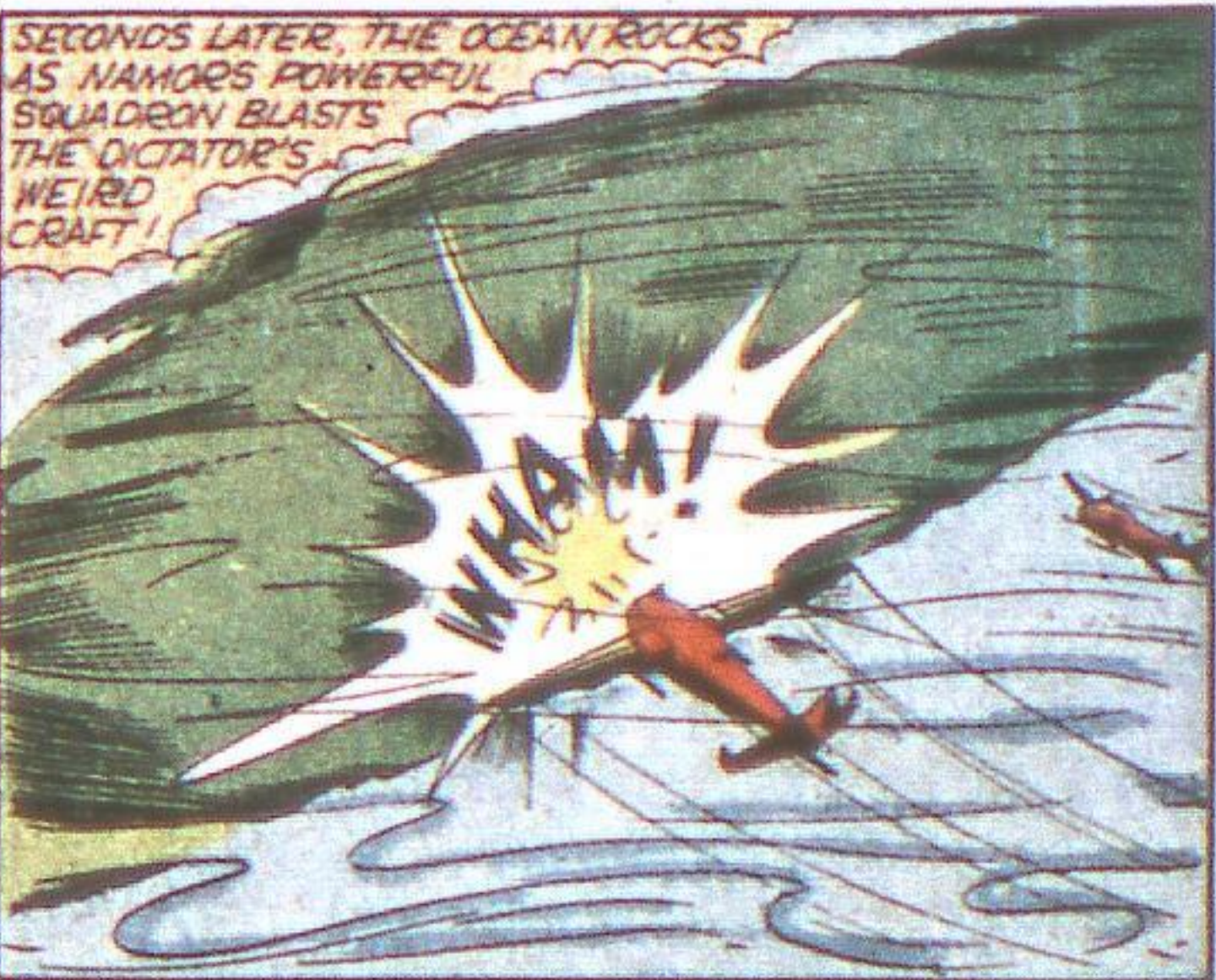


HE RADIOS ORDERS TO HIS FOLLOWERS

CRASH DIVE!
COME UP BENEATH
THOSE SHIPS,
AND OPEN FIRE
WITH ALL YOU'VE
GOT!



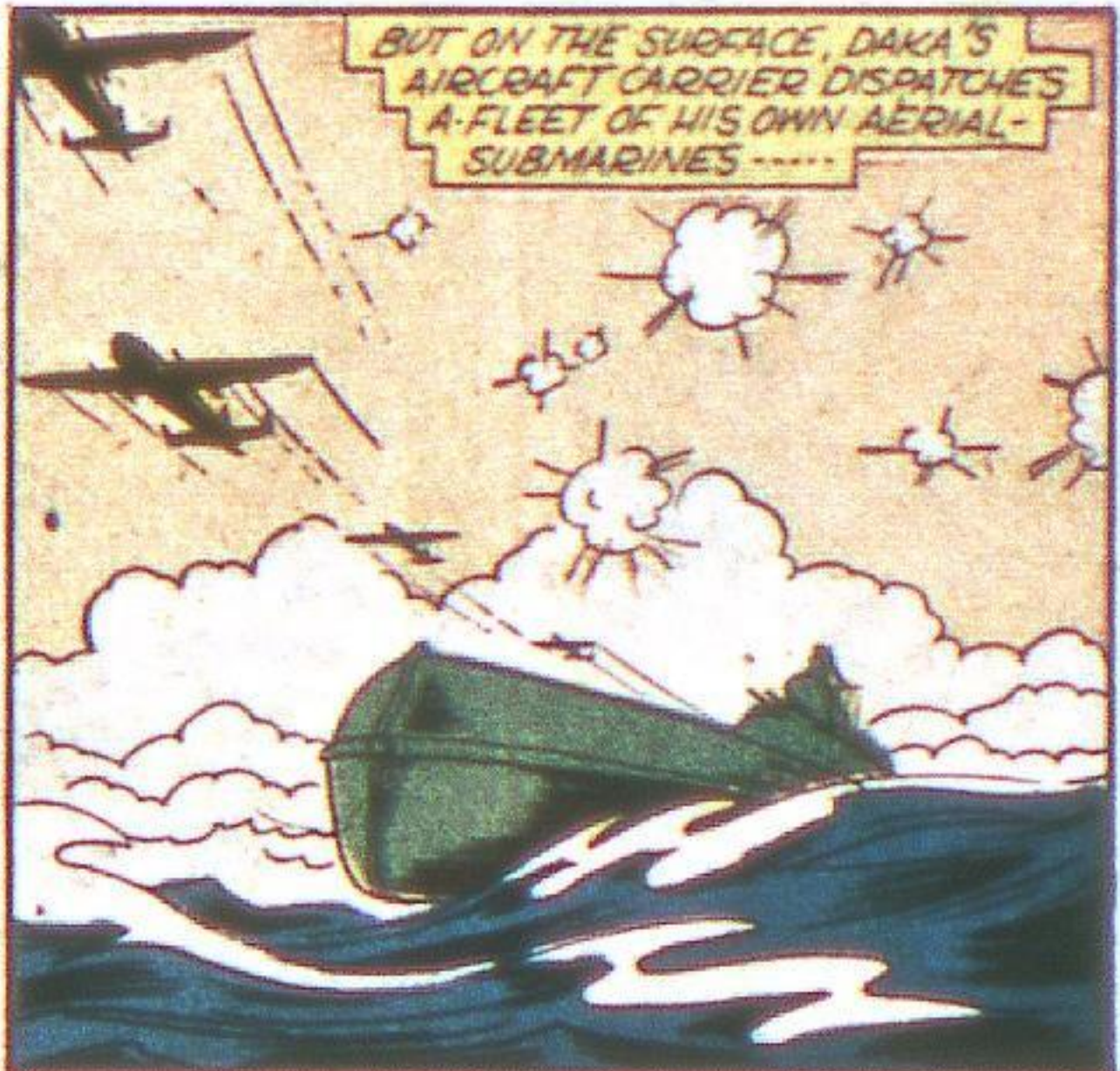
SECONDS LATER, THE OCEAN ROCKS AS NAMOR'S POWERFUL SQUADRON BLASTS THE DICTATOR'S WEIRD CRAFT!



AND THE CRIPPLED SHIPS SHUDDER HORRIBLY UNDER THE DEATH-BLOWS — THEN SINK SLOWLY TO THE BOTTOM----



BUT ON THE SURFACE, DAKA'S AIRCRAFT CARRIER DISPATCHES A FLEET OF HIS OWN AERIAL-SUBMARINES-----



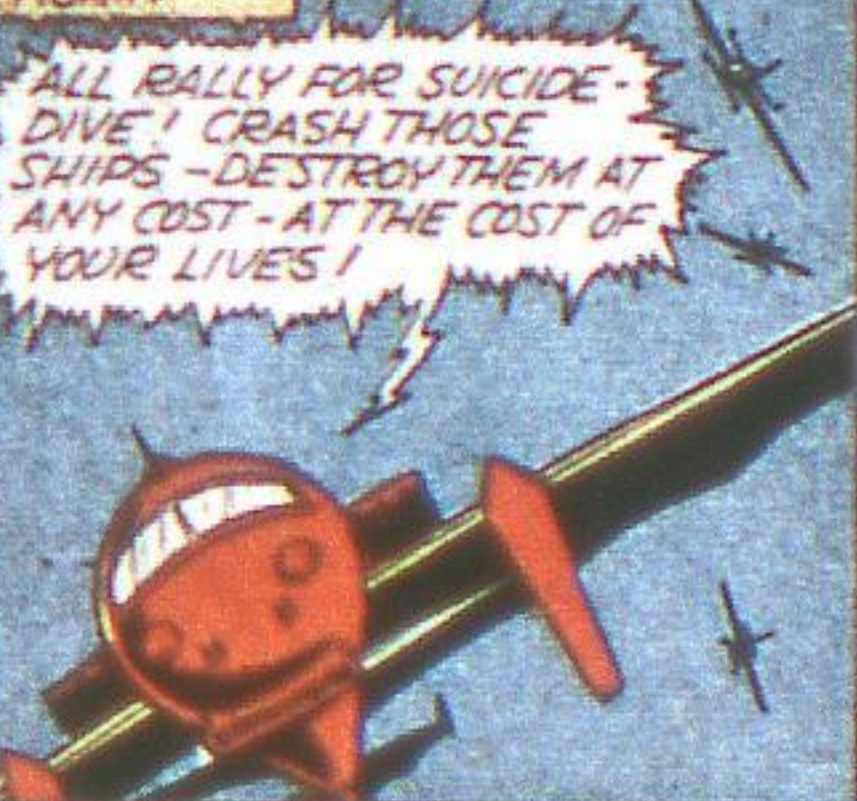
NAMOR'S X-RAY PERISCOPES QUICKLY DETECT THE NEW MANEUVER, AND HIS LOYALIST SUBS BREAK THE SURFACE, IN HOT PURSUIT!



AND ONE OF THE STRANGEST AIR-BATTLES IN HISTORY IS BEGUN---IDENTICAL SHIPS LOCKED IN FIERCE COMBAT---NOTHING TO DISTINGUISH FRIEND FROM FOE!

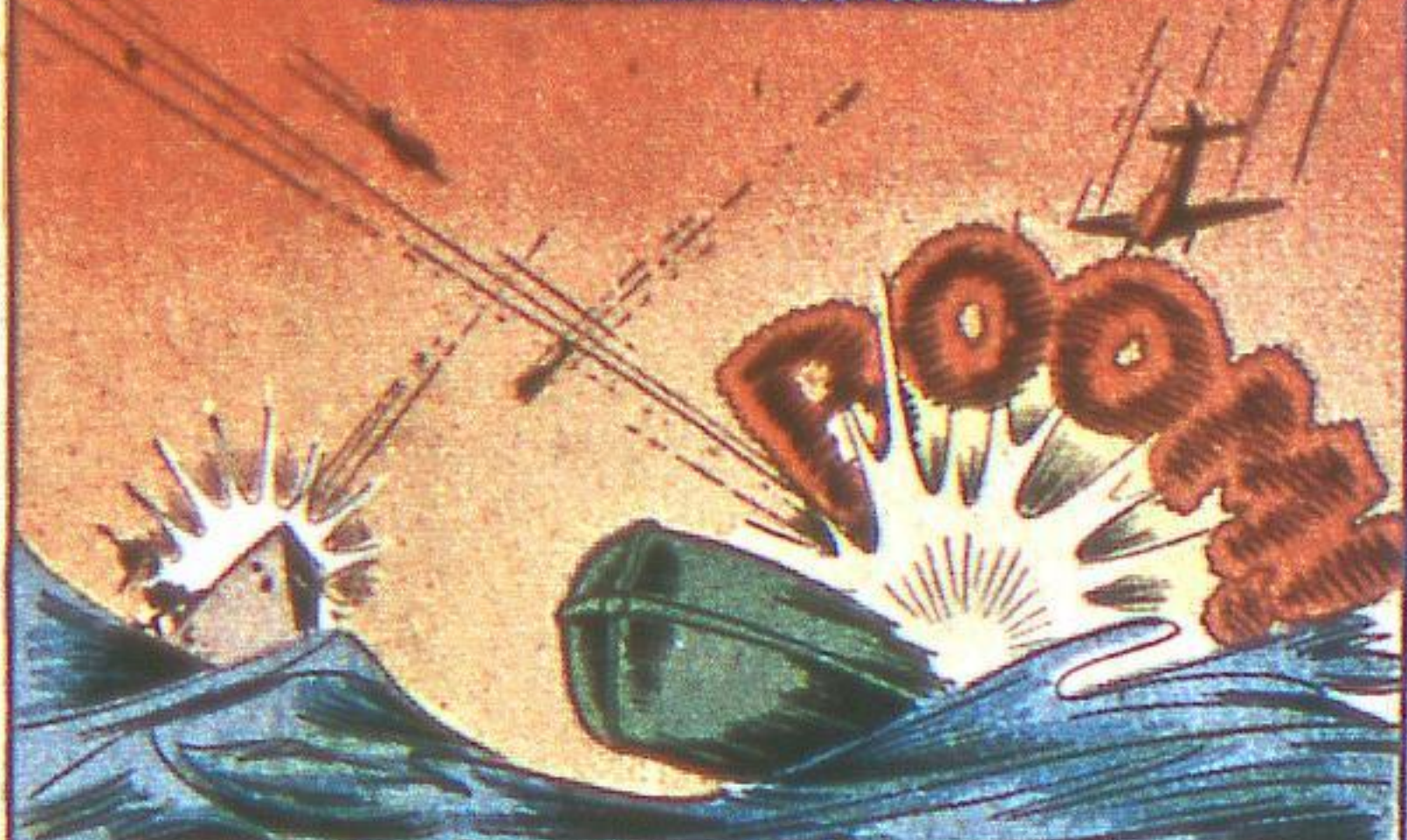


SOON THE STRUGGLE GETS OUT OF HAND---LOYALIST MISTAKES LOYALIST FOR ENEMY---INVADER SHOTS DOWN INVADER---CONFUSION IS RAMPANT! NAMOR RADIOS HIS FOLLOWERS AGAIN----



ALL RALLY FOR SUICIDE-DIVE! CRASH THOSE SHIPS--DESTROY THEM AT ANY COST--AT THE COST OF YOUR LIVES!

THE FAITHFUL LOYALISTS IMMEDIATELY OBEY--GIVING THEIR LIVES GLADLY FOR THEIR IDOL, PRINCE NAMOR, AND FOR THE CAUSE OF FREEDOM!



AMID THE EXPLOSIVE THUNDER, NAMOR DIVES FROM THE CABIN OF HIS FLAGSHIP----



ONE LITTLE ERRAND I'VE GOT TO DO---

AND LANDS ON THE DECK OF DAKA'S FLAGSHIP----



--- LOCATE THOSE TWO CONNIVING DOUBLE-CROSSERS, DAKA AND LONU-NE!

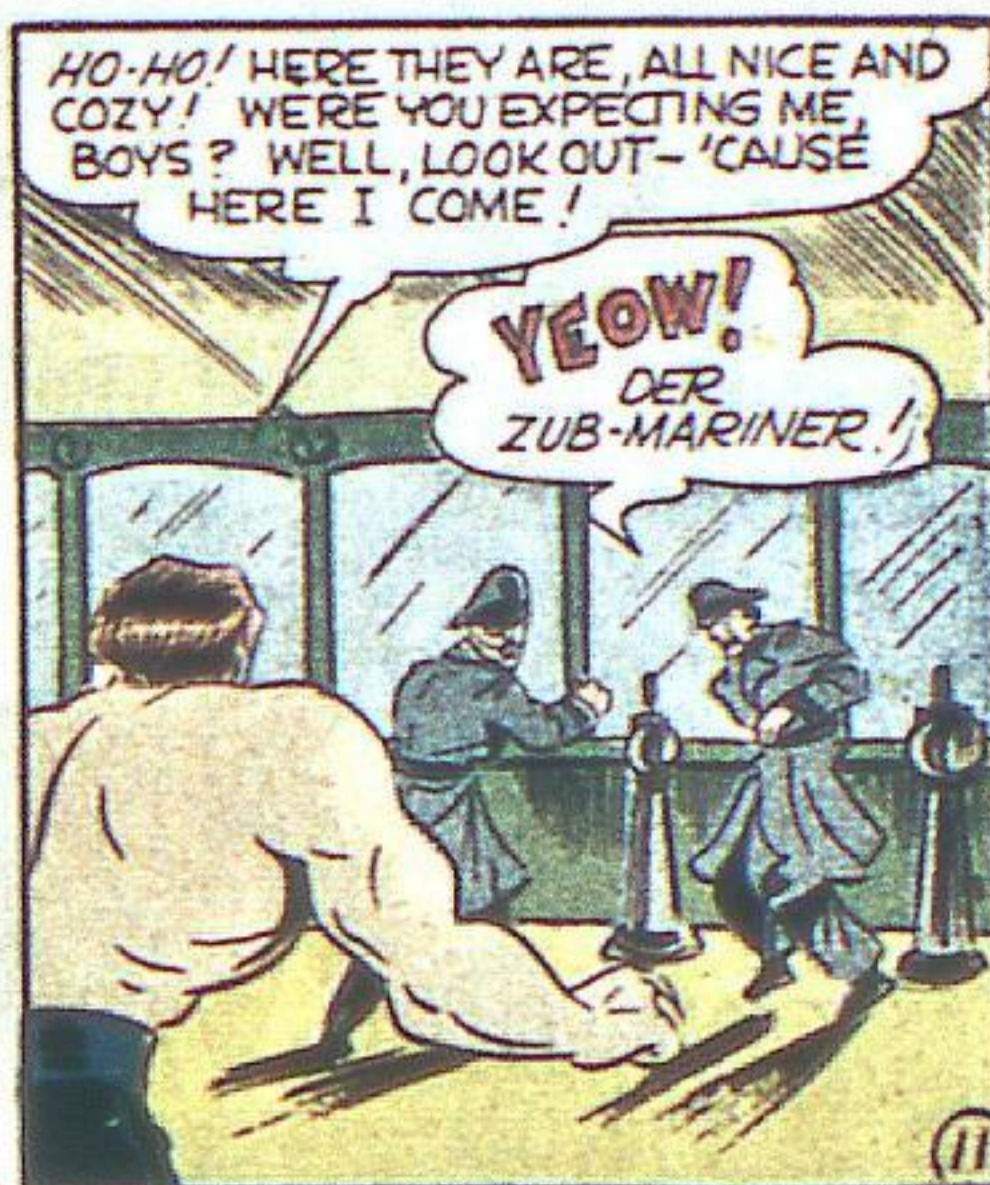
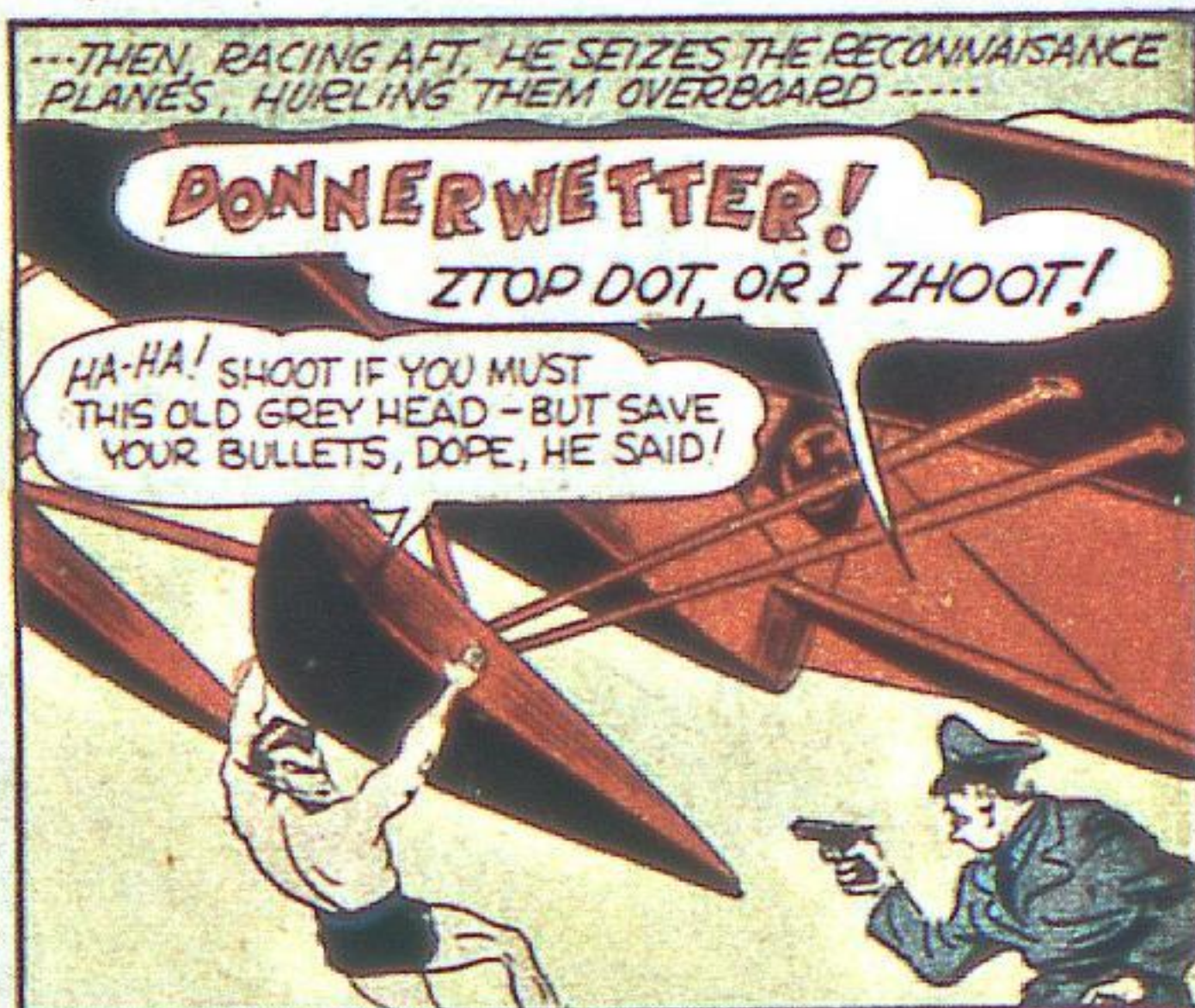
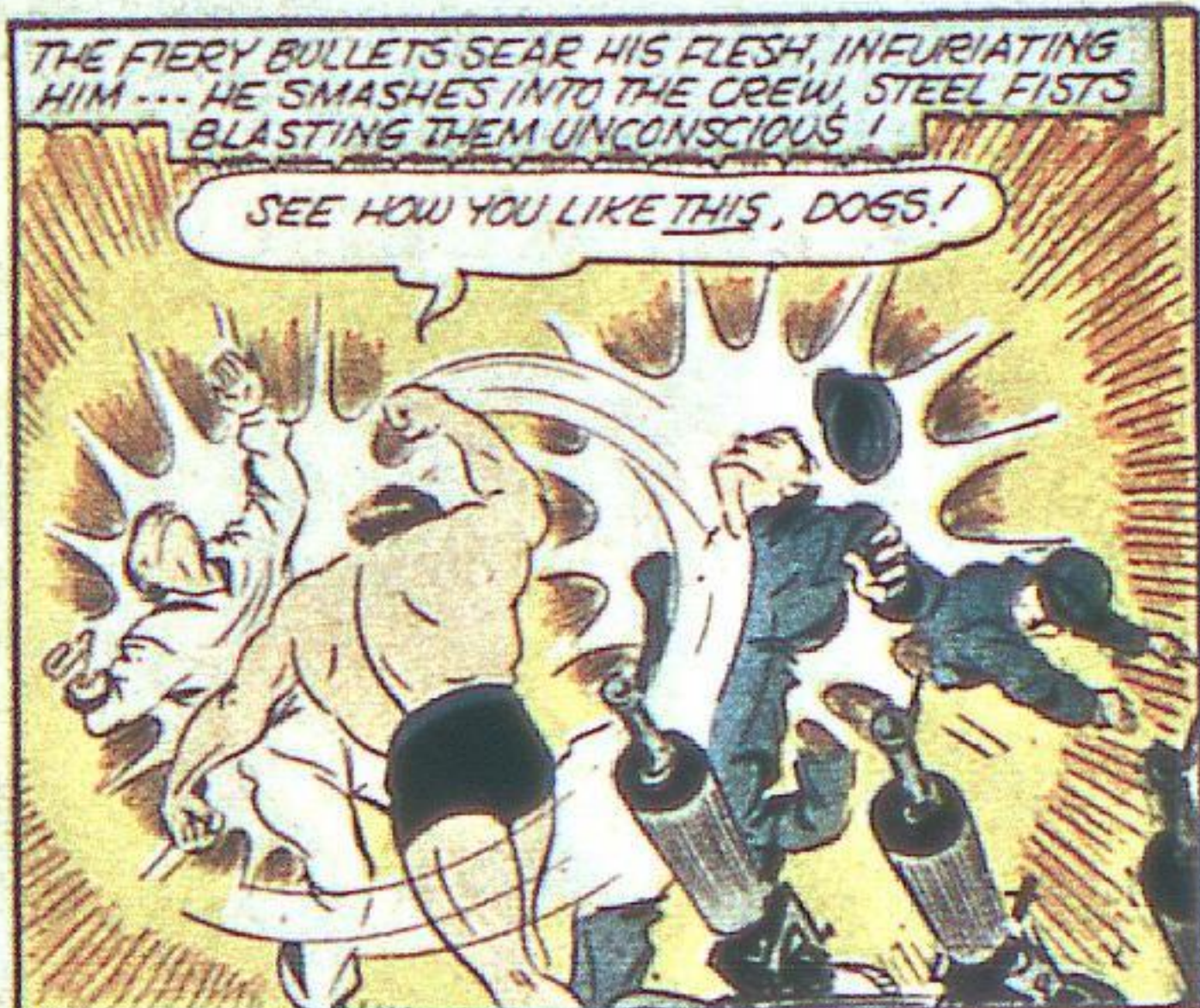
HE SNEAKS QUIETLY TO THE BRIDGE----

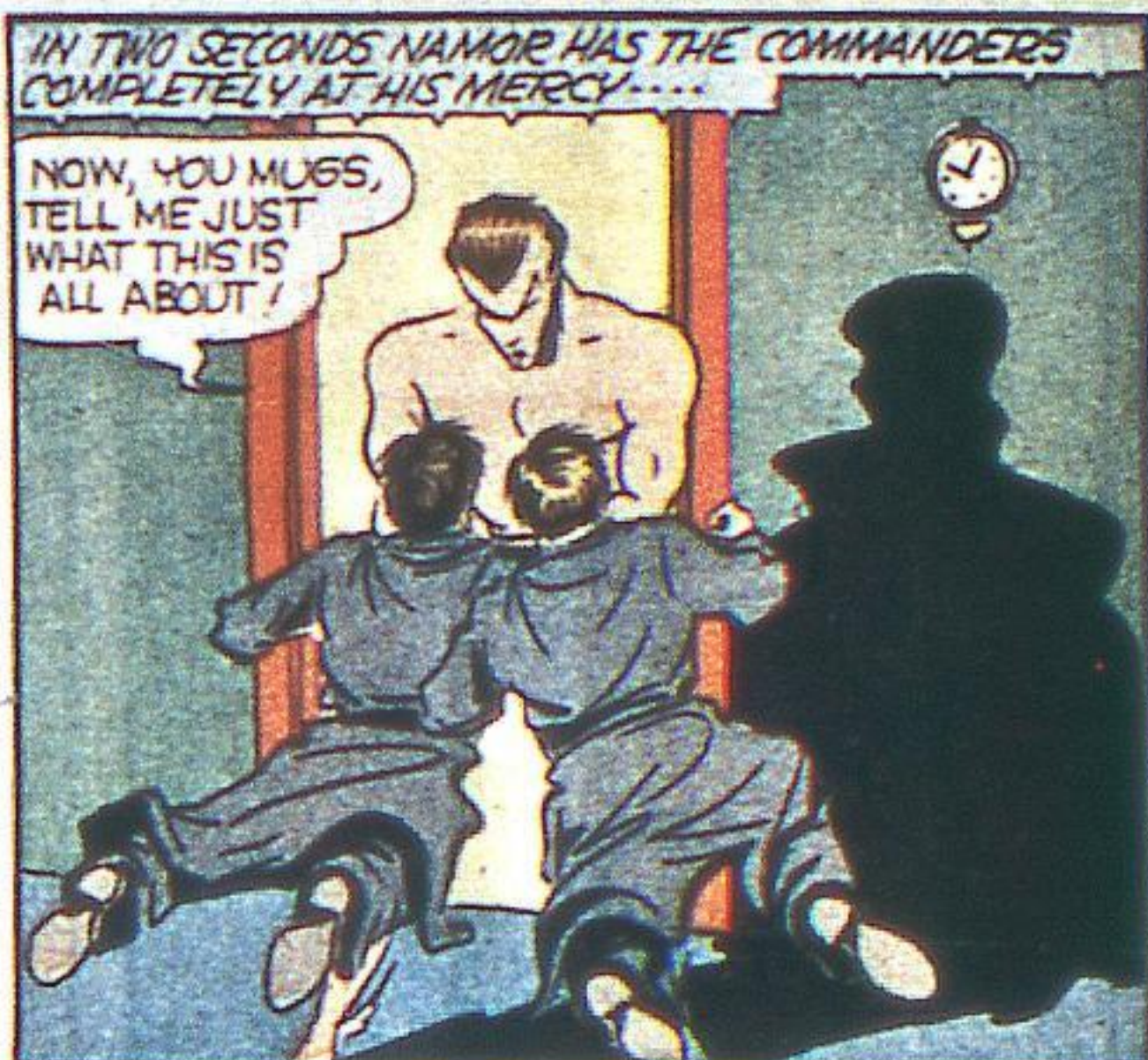


AH! HERE THEY ARE--GLOATING OVER THEIR BLOODTHIRSTY ACCOMPLISHMENTS!

HO-HO! FRIEND DAKA--WE HAVE THEM ON THE RUN!!!







AND SO, NAMOR CLEANS UP ANOTHER MESS! WATCH FOR FURTHER ADVENTURES IN FORTHCOMING ISSUES OF **MARVEL COMICS**



Terry Vance

The

SCHOOL BOY SLEUTH

by Ray Gill & Bob Oskner

Scene-- A LOG JAM ON A RIVER IN THE MAINE WOODS! READ ON AND SEE HOW THIS SITUATION EFFECTS OUR FRIENDS. TERRY VANCE AND DEAD-LINE DAWSON, CUB REPORTER!

HOW DO THEY EXPECT ME TO PUBLISH A NEWSPAPER WITHOUT PAPER?

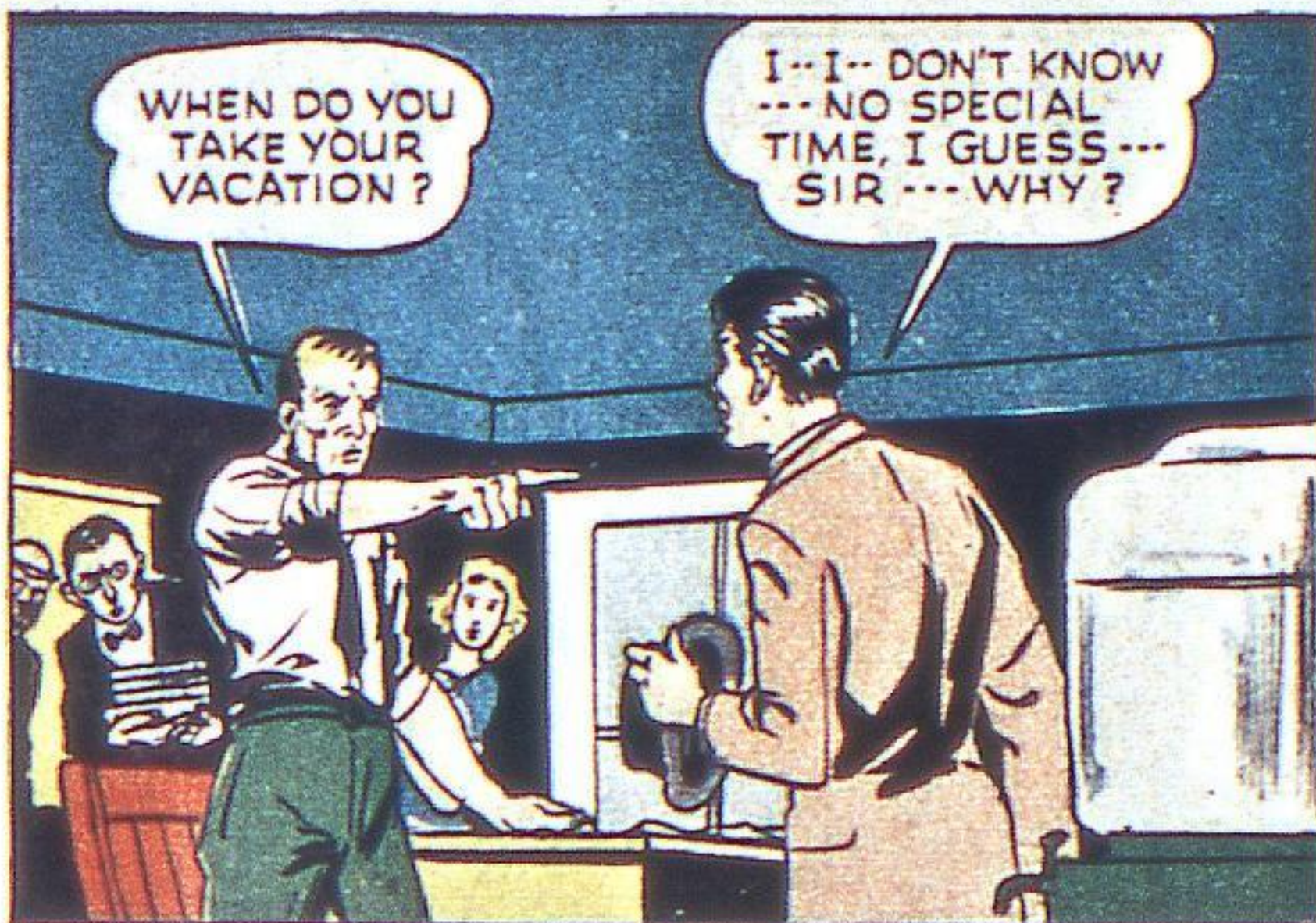
OH! OH! MY DAD HANDLES THE PAPER END OF THIS BUSINESS. --I'LL BE CALLED FIRST THING...

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THE OLD MAN?

HE'S SQUAWKING ABOUT NOT GETTING HIS PAPER PULP ON TIME

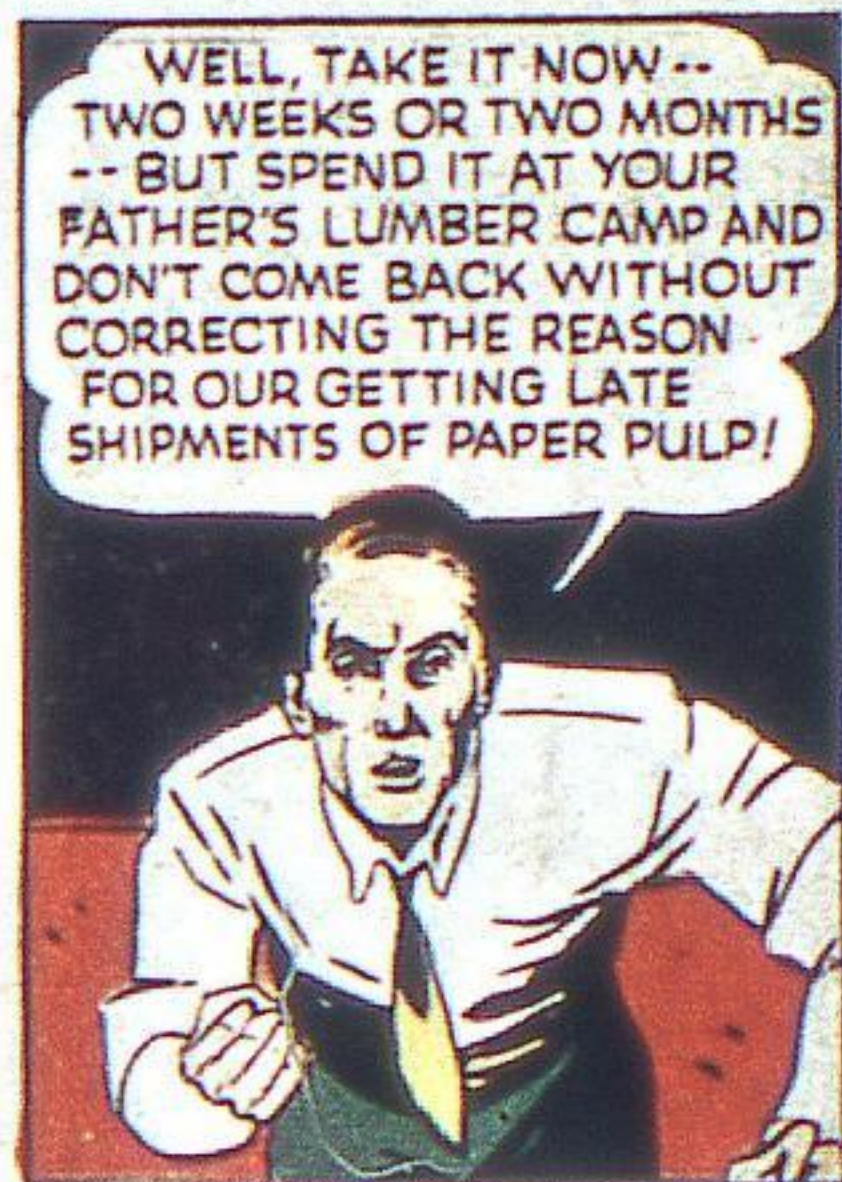
WHERE'S DEADLINE? HEY! DAWSON!

HERE I GO AGAIN! SEE YOU LATER --- I HOPE!

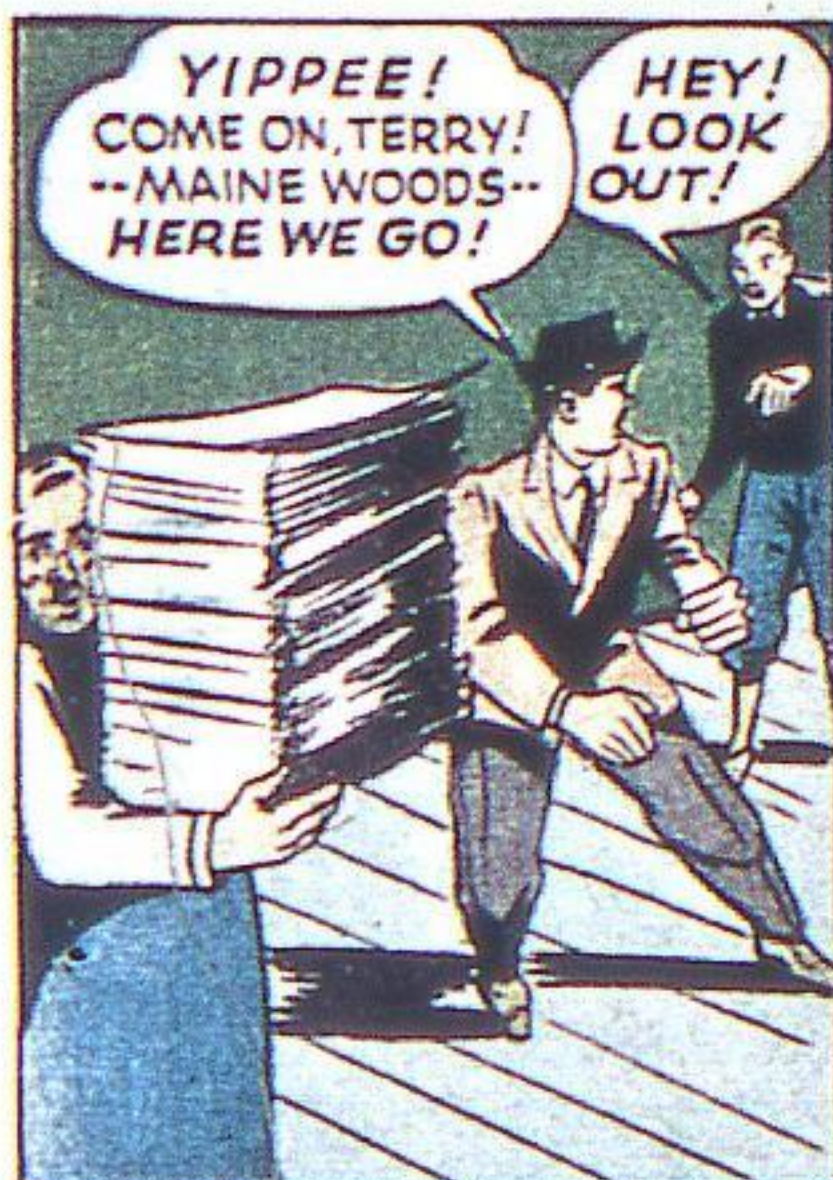


WHEN DO YOU
TAKE YOUR
VACATION?

I--I-- DON'T KNOW
--- NO SPECIAL
TIME, I GUESS ---
SIR --- WHY?

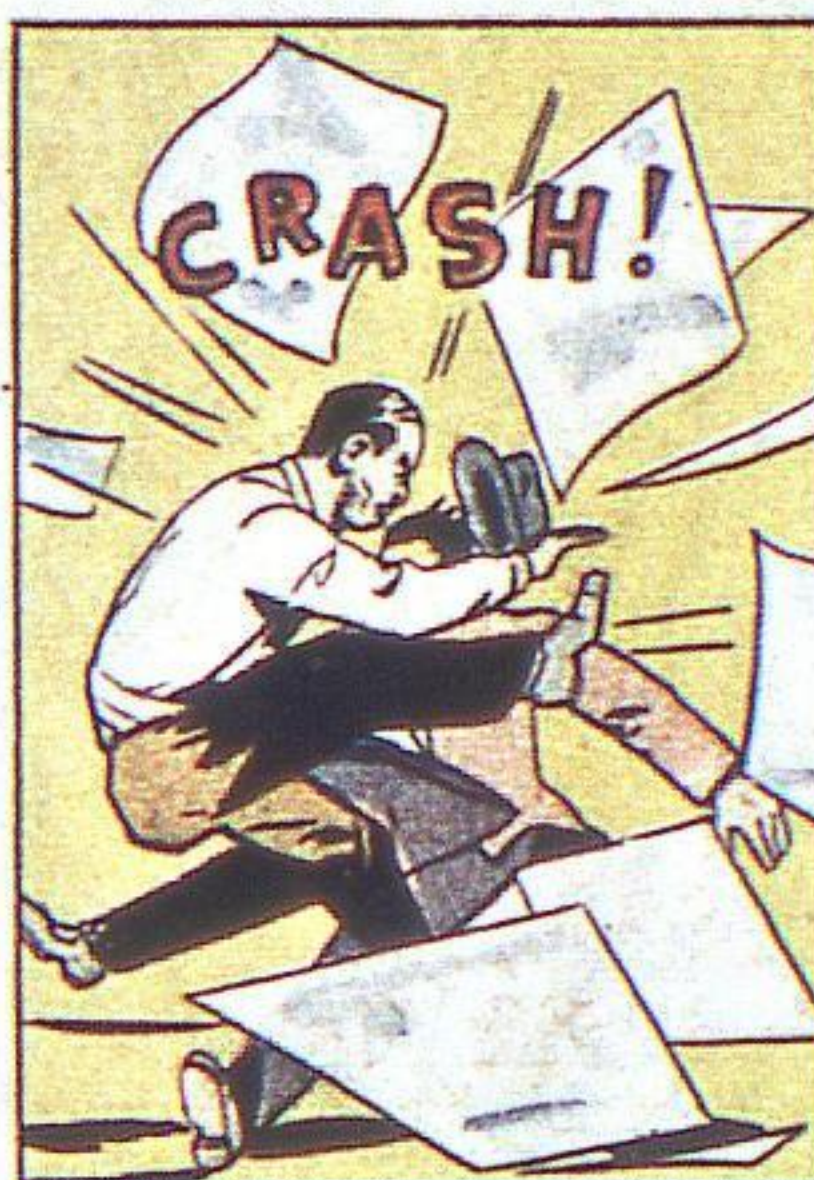


WELL, TAKE IT NOW --
TWO WEEKS OR TWO MONTHS
-- BUT SPEND IT AT YOUR
FATHER'S LUMBER CAMP AND
DON'T COME BACK WITHOUT
CORRECTING THE REASON
FOR OUR GETTING LATE
SHIPMENTS OF PAPER PULP!



YIPPEE!
COME ON, TERRY!
--MAINE WOODS--
HERE WE GO!

HEY!
LOOK
OUT!

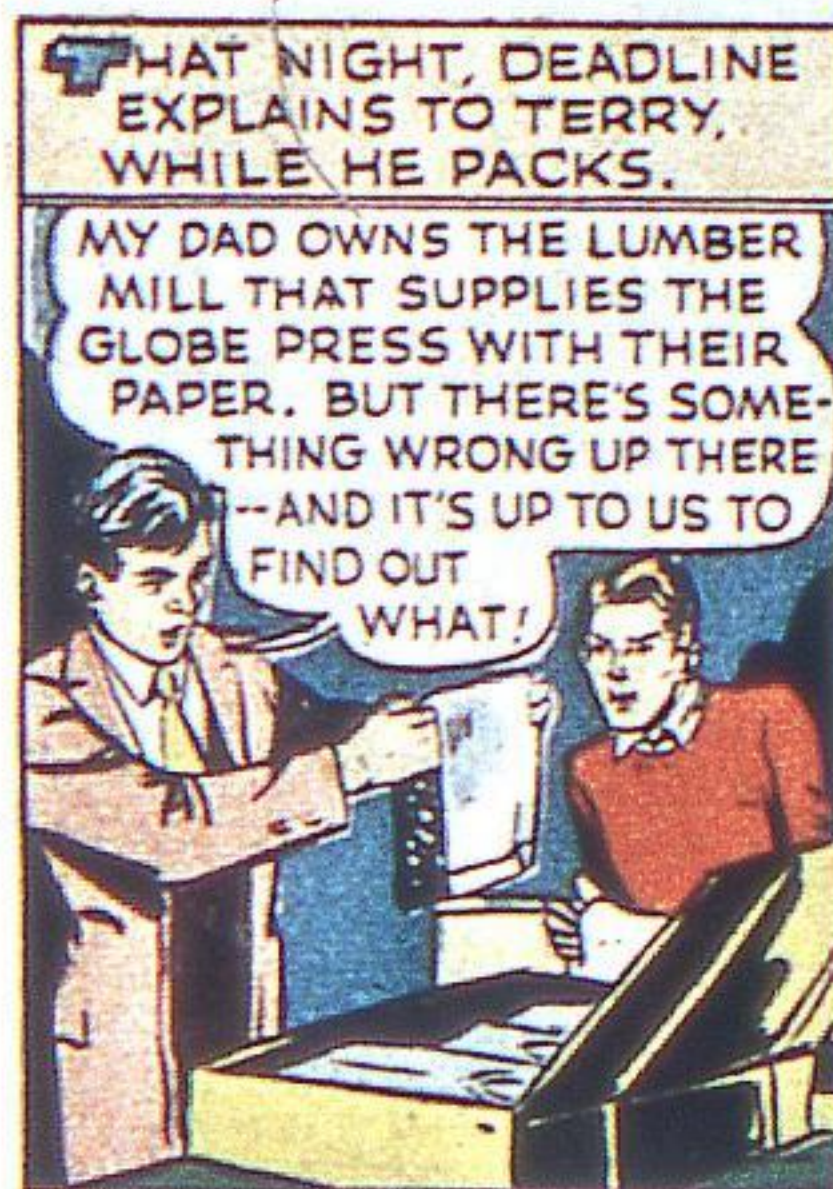


CRASH!



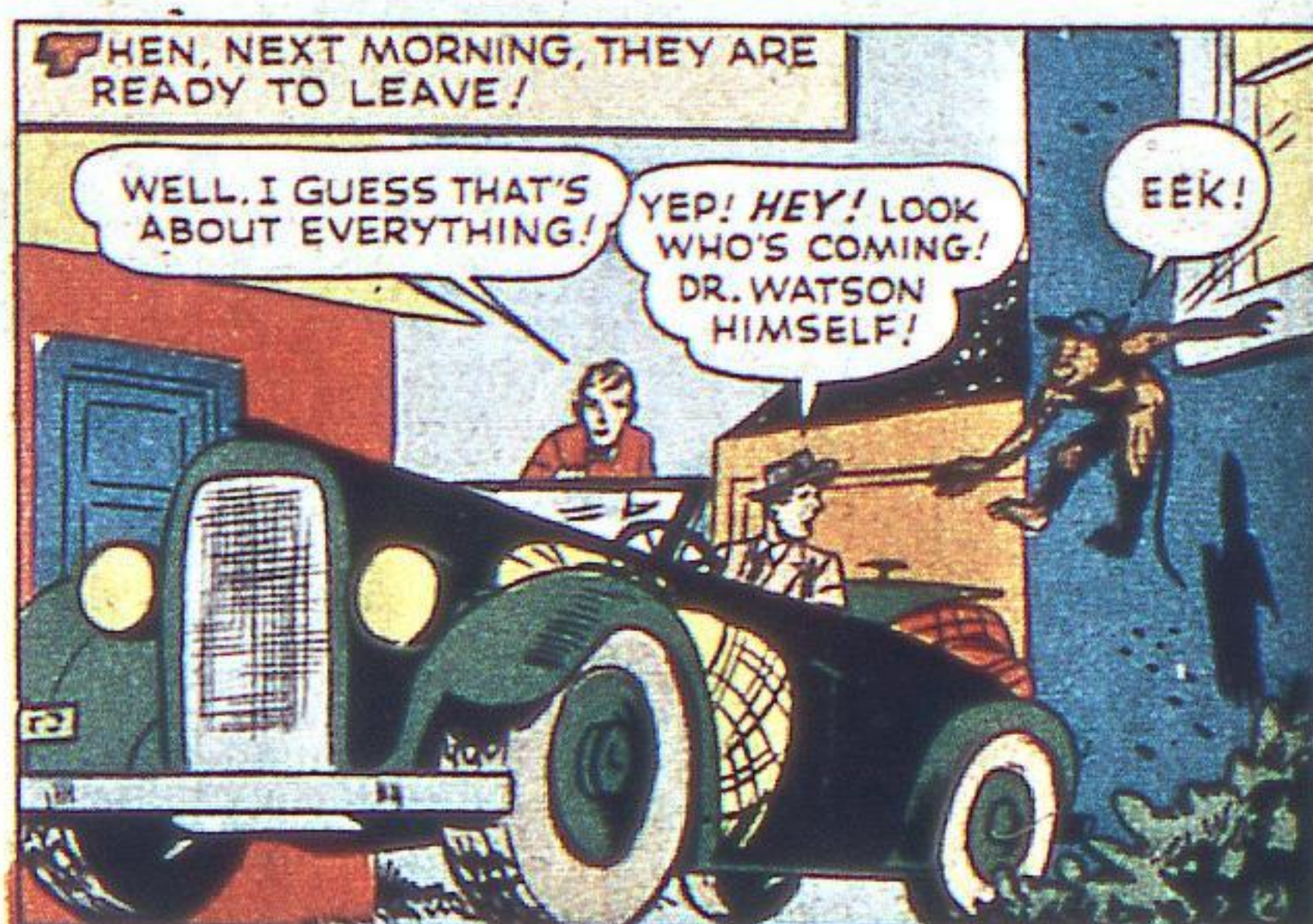
WHAT ABOUT
THE MAINE
WOODS?

WE'RE
GOING UP
THERE--TO
MIX BUSINESS
WITH
PLEASURE!



THAT NIGHT, DEADLINE
EXPLAINS TO TERRY,
WHILE HE PACKS.

MY DAD OWNS THE LUMBER
MILL THAT SUPPLIES THE
GLOBE PRESS WITH THEIR
PAPER. BUT THERE'S SOME-
THING WRONG UP THERE
--AND IT'S UP TO US TO
FIND OUT
WHAT!



THEN, NEXT MORNING, THEY ARE
READY TO LEAVE!

WELL, I GUESS THAT'S
ABOUT EVERYTHING!

YEP! HEY! LOOK
WHO'S COMING!
DR. WATSON
HIMSELF!

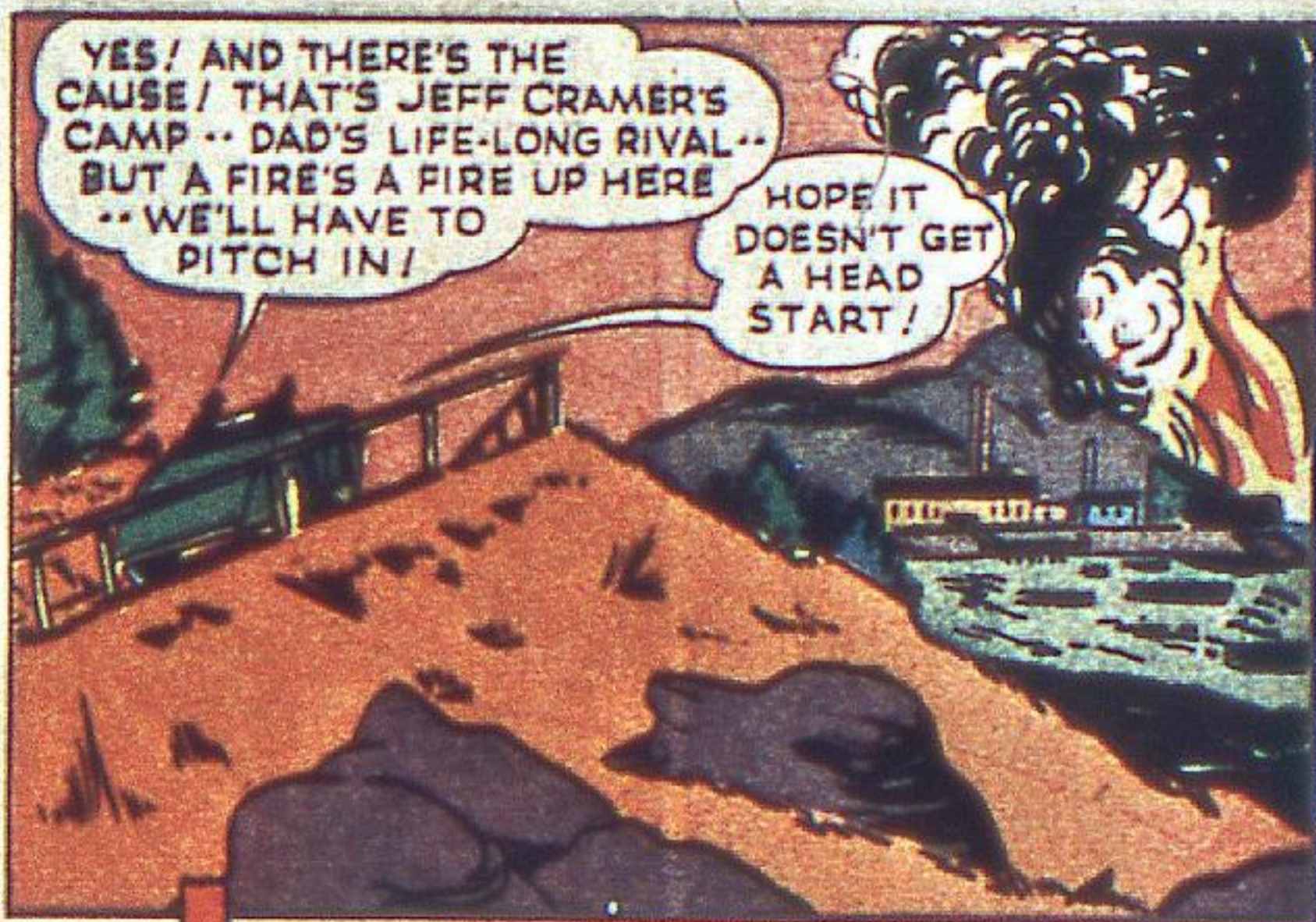
EEEK!

AFTER A LONG, PLEASANT TRIP, THEY ARRIVE IN MAINE.



HEY!
DO YOU
SMELL
SMOKE?

WELL!
THIS IS
DAD'S
STAMPING GROUNDS!
-- ONLY TEN MORE
MILES TO THE
CAMP!



YES! AND THERE'S THE
CAUSE! THAT'S JEFF CRAMER'S
CAMP -- DAD'S LIFE-LONG RIVAL --
BUT A FIRE'S A FIRE UP HERE
-- WE'LL HAVE TO
PITCH IN!

HOPE IT
DOESN'T GET
A HEAD
START!



FIRE IN THE LUMBER
COUNTRY IS WORSE
THAN A PLAGUE!
WE'LL HAVE TO JOIN
THEIR BUCKET
BRIGADE!



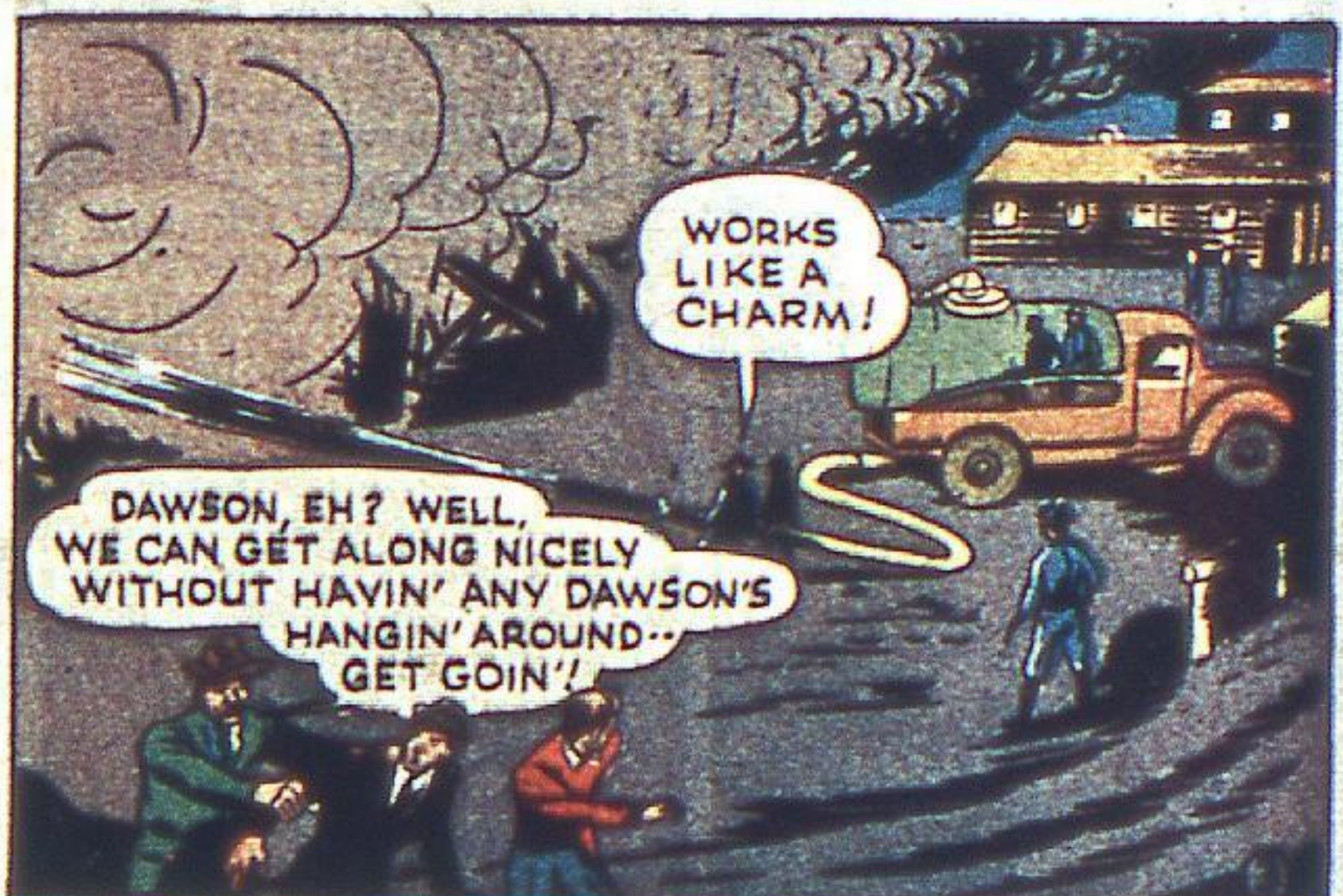
THAT HAS A
GOOD START!
-- COME ON,
TERRY!

HEY,
THERE!



WHO ARE YOU --
AND WHERE DO
YOU THINK
YOU'RE
GOIN'?

MY NAME IS
DAWSON -- AND
WE'VE COME
TO GIVE A
HAND!



WORKS
LIKE A
CHARM!

DAWSON, EH? WELL,
WE CAN GET ALONG NICELY
WITHOUT HAVIN' ANY DAWSON'S
HANGIN' AROUND --
GET GOIN'!



WHAT KIND OF A FIRE TRUCK WAS THAT? IT SEEMED PLENTY POWERFUL!

SOMETHING NEW, I GUESS. BUT LET'S SKIP IT. I WOULDN'T CARE IF THE PLACE BURNED TO THE GROUND, NOW!

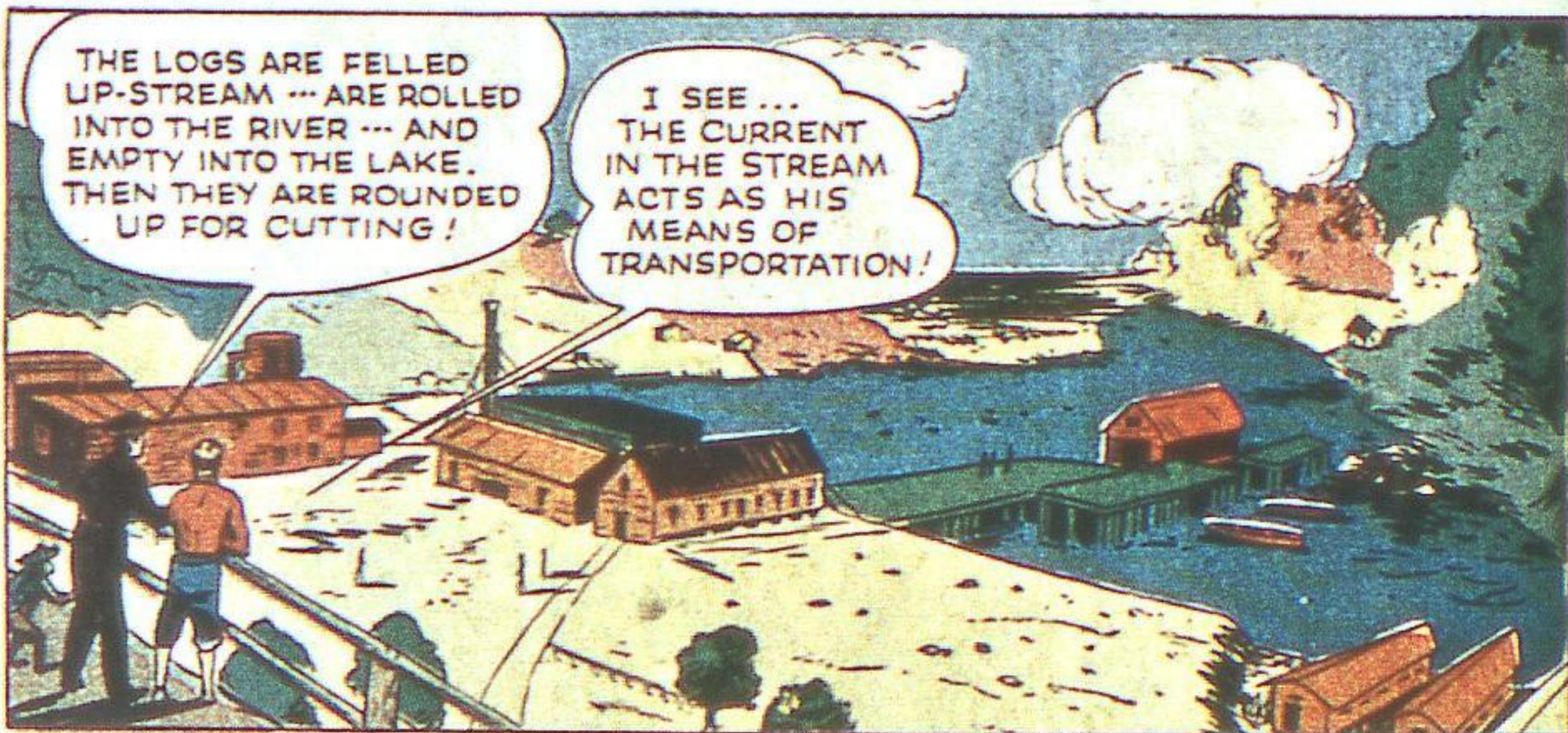


IT WON'T BE LONG NOW-- OVER THIS MOUNTAIN. AND -----



THERE IT IS! BULL DAWSON'S OWN PAPER FACTORY!-- EVERYBODY CALLS DAD "BULL"!

OKAY!, DEADLINE, FROM NOW ON, IT'S "BULL" DAWSON!



THE LOGS ARE FELLED UP-STREAM --- ARE ROLLED INTO THE RIVER --- AND EMPTY INTO THE LAKE. THEN THEY ARE ROUNDED UP FOR CUTTING!

I SEE ... THE CURRENT IN THE STREAM ACTS AS HIS MEANS OF TRANSPORTATION!



IN A SHORT TIME THEY ARRIVE AT THE LUMBER CAMP!

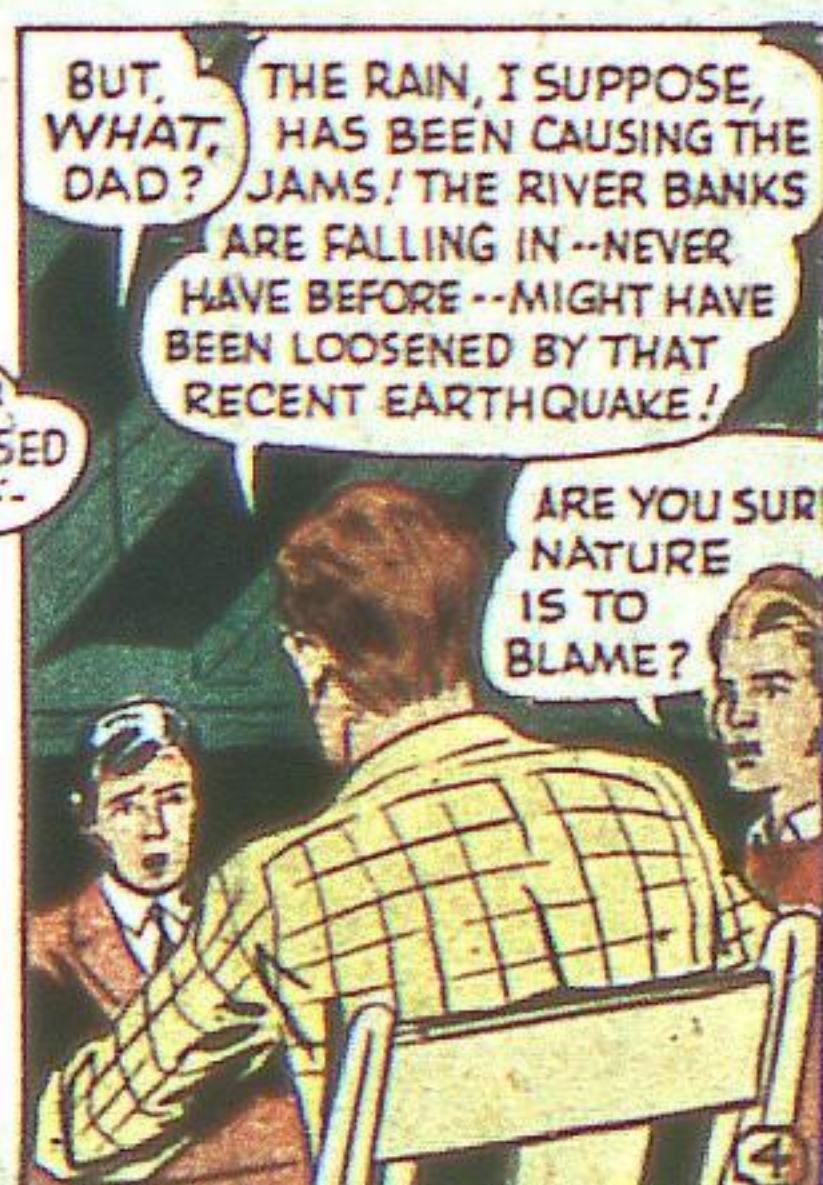
DAD, I WANT YOU TO MEET ONE OF THE CLEVEREST YOUNG DETECTIVES IN THE COUNTRY-- TERRY VANCE!

DETECTIVE, EH? MAKE YOURSELVES AT HOME, BOYS DINNER IS ALMOST READY!



HAVING --AH-- ANY TROUBLE LATELY, DAD? I NOTICED THAT YOUR SHIPMENTS WERE LATE THIS MONTH ---

LOG JAMS, SON! WORST I'VE EVER SEEN. WE'VE BEEN BLESSED WITH LOTS OF RAIN-- BUT--



BUT, WHAT, DAD?

THE RAIN, I SUPPOSE, HAS BEEN CAUSING THE JAMS! THE RIVER BANKS ARE FALLING IN--NEVER HAVE BEFORE --MIGHT HAVE BEEN LOOSENED BY THAT RECENT EARTHQUAKE!

ARE YOU SURE NATURE IS TO BLAME?

WELL, WE'LL TURN IN NOW...
WE HAVE A BIG DAY AHEAD
OF US! THE MOST RECENT
LOG JAM WILL HAVE TO
BE DYNAMITED!

OKAY,
GOODNIGHT,
BULL!

NIGHT,
DAD, DON'T
WORRY!



STAND BACK,
BOYS!
HERE SHE
GOES!



THAT DID IT!
BUT IT COST
US A LOT OF
GOOD LOGS!

COMING
BACK TO
CAMP,
TERRY?

I THINK
I'LL TAKE A
WALK!



Next morning...

I GUESS WE
CAN'T PRY 'EM
LOOSE --
STAND CLEAR!
WE'LL BLAST!



BETTER NOT,
TERRY -- IT LOOKS
LIKE WE'RE DUE
TO HAVE ANOTHER
HEAVY SHOWER!

I KNOW,
BUT I LIKE
TO WALK IN
THE RAIN --
HELPS ME
TO THINK!





LANDSLIDES THAT NEVER HAPPENED BEFORE -- EARTHQUAKES -- RIVAL COMPANY -- HMM? ... I WONDER!



DYNAMITE IS ABOUT THE ONLY THING THAT COULD DUMP THAT BANK INTO THE RIVER -- BUT, THEY WOULD HAVE HEARD THE EXPLOSION!



Suddenly...

COME ON, DR. WATSON -- HERE COMES THE RAIN! THAT HOLLOW TREE WILL DO!



THERE'S A TRUCK COMING -- MAYBE WE CAN -- HEY! WHAT THE --?



IT'S THE WATER PUMP TRUCK FROM BULL'S RIVAL'S CAMP. WHAT'S IT DOING HERE ON BULL'S PROPERTY?



THERE IT GOES UPSTREAM! HMM? COME ON, DR. WATSON! I'VE GOT A HOT HUNCH!



TERRY RUNS THROUGH THE PELTING RAIN BACK TO CAMP!

HEY! BULL! DEADLINE!



WHAT'S UP, TERRY?

GET YOUR MEN TOGETHER FAST -- AND I THINK WE CAN STOP ANOTHER JAM BEFORE IT STARTS!

WHAT?

TERRY EXPLAINS --AND SOON STARTS BACK WITH A HALF DOZEN HUSKY LUMBERJACKS!

HURRY, MEN -- IT'S NOT FAR NOW! JUST AROUND THE NEXT TURN!

THERE'S THE CAUSE OF YOUR LANDSLIDES AND LOG JAMS -- AND IT ISN'T "MOTHER NATURE"!

HOLY HEMLOCKS! COME ON, GANG! WE'LL MAKE SHORT ORDER OF THIS!

THEY RUSH TO THE ATTACK!

STOP THEM!

THEY'LL CAVE IN THAT BANK!

IT'S BULL!

AND BULL TAKES OVER THE POWERFUL HOSE!

HERE'S SOME OF YOUR OWN MEDICINE!

GIVE IT TO 'EM, BULL!

AAAEEE!!!

HELP!

THE MEN ARE SOON SUBDUED.

TERRY, WE DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU!

SKIP IT, BULL! NOW WE CAN REALLY ENJOY OUR VACATION!

WE'LL TEACH YOU TO JAM OUR LOGS!

RIGHT I'LL SHOW YOU SOME REAL COUNTRY, TERRY!

WE'LL BE BACK WITH YOU IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF

MARVEL COMICS

WITH ANOTHER SWELL STORY ... SO LONG!

"WHO ROBBED THE CARTER BANK?" OR "HOW GOOD A DETECTIVE ARE YOU?"

By
Stan Lee



For months you fellows and girls have been following the adventures of Terry Vance and watching him solve one thrilling mystery after another. Now we feel that it's time to turn the tables and let Terry watch YOU solve a mystery! What do you say? O.K.? Let's go, then...

First, we'll suppose that you are Terry Vance and that you have a pet monkey named Doctor Watson. You also have a friend called "Deadline" Dawson, who is a reporter. You have a bicycle with a little radio on it, and Deadline has a small automobile. So, starting with these things, and nothing else, you've got to solve the mystery of "Who robbed the Carter Bank?" Here's how it happened...



A "Marvel Comics" Special Feature,
Starring Terry Vance, Boy Detective

Now then, as Terry Vance, you would have carefully gone over the scene of the crime. These are the clues you'd have dug up by yourself.

First, you'd have interviewed the President of the Bank, Lemuel Carter. And this is what you would have discovered—

President Lemuel Carter was sitting at his desk one evening reading the newspaper, when the office door opened, and in walked Charlie Biswell, Carter's private secretary. Charlie looked nervous, and a little bit frightened.

"Mr. Carter," said Charlie, "I've never asked you for a favor in all the years I've worked for you. But now, I am desperately in need of, eh, of \$500!" Charlie looked at Lemuel Carter with a plea in his eyes. "I've simply got to have the money, Mr. Carter, I've got to!"

The Bank President rose from his chair, and faced his secretary. "Biswell," he said. "You've worked for me for many years, faithfully and honestly. And if I could let you have that money, I would. But—" Carter cleared his throat. "But unfortunately, I am short of funds at present, and it would be impossible for me to—"

Biswell cut him short. "I see!" he cried. "You can't possibly lend me \$500, eh? After the way I've worked for you all these years! After all I've done for you! Very well, Carter, you can take

your money, and your bank, and I hope I never see either again!" So saying, Charlie Biswell stormed out of the office and slammed the door behind him.

Lemuel Carter picked up his newspaper again, "Tsk, tsk," he muttered. "This is a most regrettable incident."

Now then, as Terry Vance, you've investigated the facts and discovered about the conversation which is mentioned above. But there are still a number of other clues to be gathered. Let's look in upon another scene, now—this occurred the night before the robbery...

OUR next scene is Police Headquarters. We find Police Commissioner Henderson talking to Lieutenant Jackson. "I tell you, Jackson," says the commissioner, "the only way to wipe out crime is to get rid of the criminals!"

"What do you mean, sir?" asks Jackson.

Henderson answers with a frown. "I mean that we should chase every known criminal out of town. We shouldn't allow any person, whom we know to be a criminal, to remain in our city—even if at present we can't pin anything on him!"

Then Henderson bends forward, seriously. "Take Jake Walters, for example," he says. "We all know that he's one of the biggest bank robbers in the East—even though nobody's been able to prove it yet. And although we know that he's a crook, we've got to allow him to live in our city, mix with our citizens, eat our food, and probably soon rob our bank! I tell you, Jackson, something's got to be done!"

Jackson answers the Commissioner. "Gosh, Chief," he says, "Walters only just got into the city the other day. He wouldn't pull anything so soon!"

But Henderson shakes his head doubtfully. "I tell you, Jackson, I feel that there's trouble brewing!"

And that's what Terry discovered over at Police Headquarters. There was a notorious thief in the neighborhood at the time of the robbery!

But still, a real detective doesn't stop until he's unearthed every clue. And so, like Terry Vance, you would visit your newspaper pal, Deadline Dawson, to discover what else you can find out.

At once, you go to Deadline's office. There, Deadline tells you that both Charlie Biswell, Mr. Carter's secretary, and Jack Walters, the notorious thief, have been arrested on suspicion of robbing the Carter Bank!

And there you are. You've learned about two conversations, you've heard the President of the Carter Bank refuse a loan to Biswell, and you've

heard the Commissioner of Police tell about Jake Walters. Of course, there's also the chance that someone else may have been the actual robber. It might have been the night watchman, Hi Smithers or almost anybody!

So, after learning all you can about the incidents before the robbery, you do the actual detective work. You sit down and THINK THE CASE OUT! Try to imagine "what the motives were for the robbery?", "who was best suited to commit the robbery?" and anything else you can think of. Piece all the little clues together and see what you can make of them.

Go ahead and do your "detecting", pals—and don't read on until you've selected the person whom you believe to be the robber from all the clues presented you.

HERE it is! Terry Vance managed to select the robber after 10 minutes of concentrating upon the facts of the case. And Terry was right! His choice was... But, first, who do you think did it? Write it down here, and now!

Now read the solution by Terry Vance!

This is the way that Terry arrived at his solution. First, he needed a motive. Well, hadn't the bank president himself told Biswell that he had been short of funds? Next, he needed to eliminate some of the suspects—and he did it like this: First, there was Jake Walters, the robber. Terry credited Jake with having some sense. Surely, he wouldn't rob a bank when the police knew that he was in town and would be sure to suspect him. And besides, the robber didn't speak at all to the watchman—indicating that he was someone whose voice would be recognized by the watchman—and Jake Walters was unknown to Smithers!

Then, there was Biswell, himself. He had a motive and might have committed the robbery except for one thing. The robber had managed to break into the side entrance of the bank and then open the vault door. Now Biswell had been a secretary, not a thief. Terry was sure Biswell couldn't possibly have opened the vault without a key, and there was no key to the vault except the one which Carter kept with him at all times!

Therefore, piecing all those little scraps of evidence together, Terry was able to solve the crime in 10 minutes! The guilty one was—Lemuel Carter, the Bank President himself! How long did it take you?

P.S. If you like these mysteries and would want to read more of them, write to Terry and let him know. Until next month, then, "so long!"

THE END

THE PATRIOT

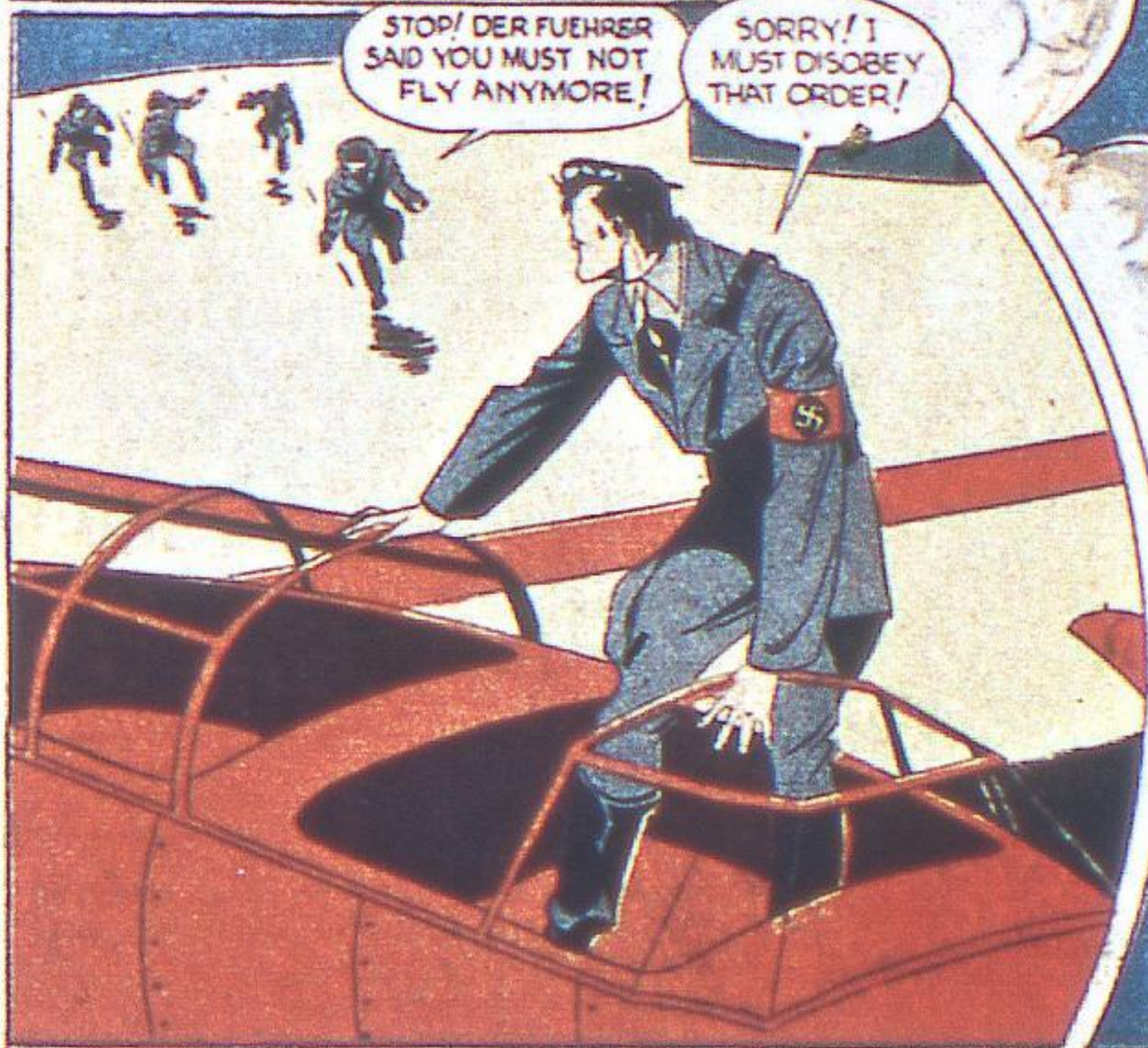
OUT OF THE SKY
DROPPED THE MYSTERIOUS
VISITOR, HIS PLANE RIDDLED
BY THE PATRIOT....AND WHEN
HE LANDED, THE WHOLE WORLD
ASKED ONE QUESTION:
WHY DID HITLER'S RIGHT-
HAND MAN FLY TO
AMERICA?

by SID GREENE

THE STRANGEST
STORY OF WORLD WAR TWO
STARTS AT A NAZI
AIRPORT.....

STOP! DER FUEHRER
SAID YOU MUST NOT
FLY ANYMORE!

SORRY! I
MUST DISOBEY
THAT ORDER!



ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS FLAME INTO ACTION AS THE STOLEN MESSERSCHMITT 110 THUNDERS UPWARD



SOME SHOOTING! HA-HA!

BANG
KA-BANG
BOOM

DER TRAITOR!
WE MUST
STOP
HIM!

DUMMKOPF
YOU!



AUF
WIEDERSEHEN!



ON AND ON ROARS THE MESSER-SCHMITT, ITS DESTINATION OCCUPIED FRANCE.....

GOOD THING I'M ALMOST
THERE. MY FUEL'S
RUNNING LOW!

THE PLANE ZOOMS TO A LANDING AT A HIDDEN AIRPORT NEAR CALAIS



HURRY, FRITZ,
THE FATE OF THE
WORLD MAY DEPEND
ON ME!



YOU HAVE
ENOUGH
GAS TO
TAKE YOU
TO CHICAGO.
GOOD LUCK!

NEW JERSEY
WILL SUFFICE.
GOODBYE,
FRITZ.

A NAZI PLANE HEADED
FOR NEW JERSEY?
WHAT'S THE IDEA?



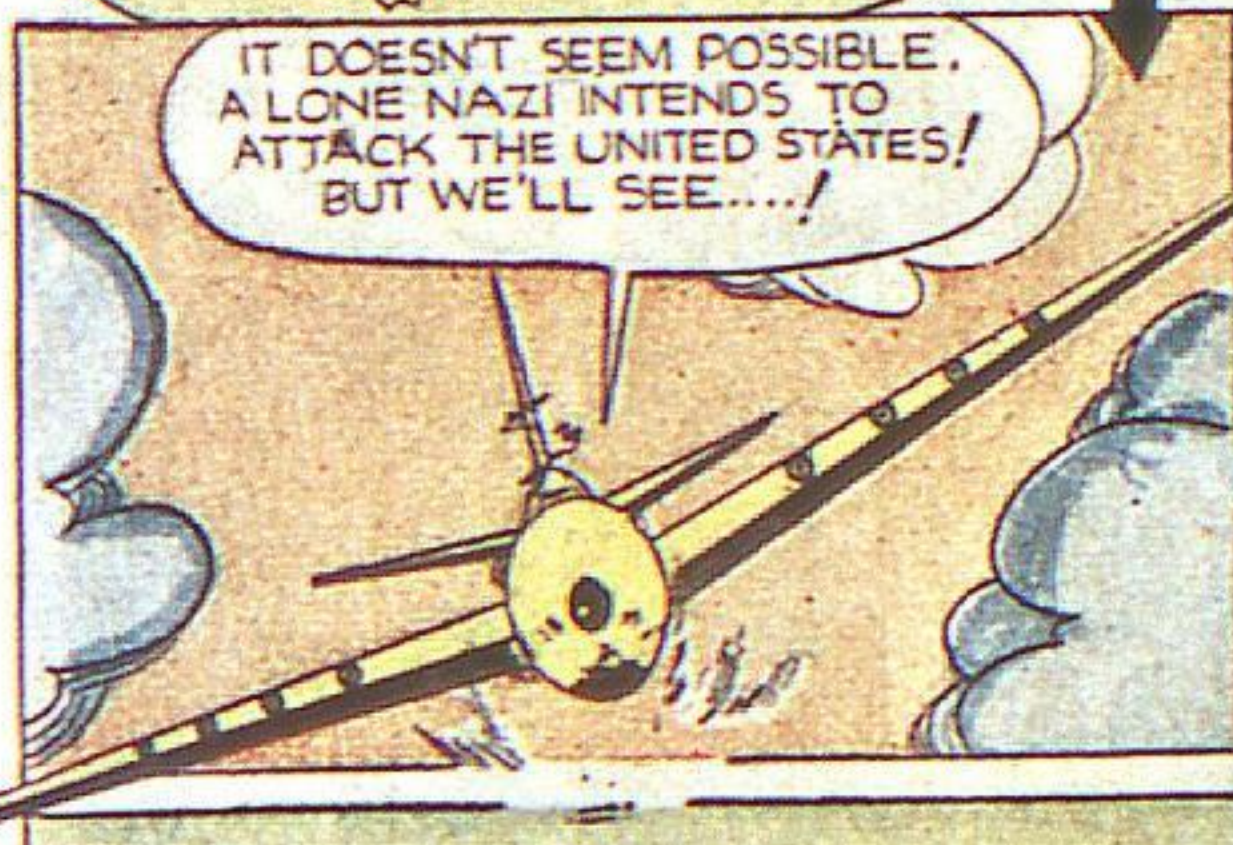
HOURS LATER, ANOTHER
PLANE IS SEEN.... OVER AMERICA!
IT'S THE PATRIOT, OUT FOR A JOY RIDE!



WHAT TH-?
A GERMAN
PLANE!



IT DOESN'T SEEM POSSIBLE,
A LONE NAZI INTENDS TO
ATTACK THE UNITED STATES!
BUT WE'LL SEE....!



HIMMEL! THAT
YANKEE IS
COMING AT
ME!



DOG FIGHT OVER NEW JERSEY.....!

THE PATRIOT, HIS GUNS
RATTLING, HURTLES DOWN
TOWARD THE TAIL OF THE
NAZI PLANE.....



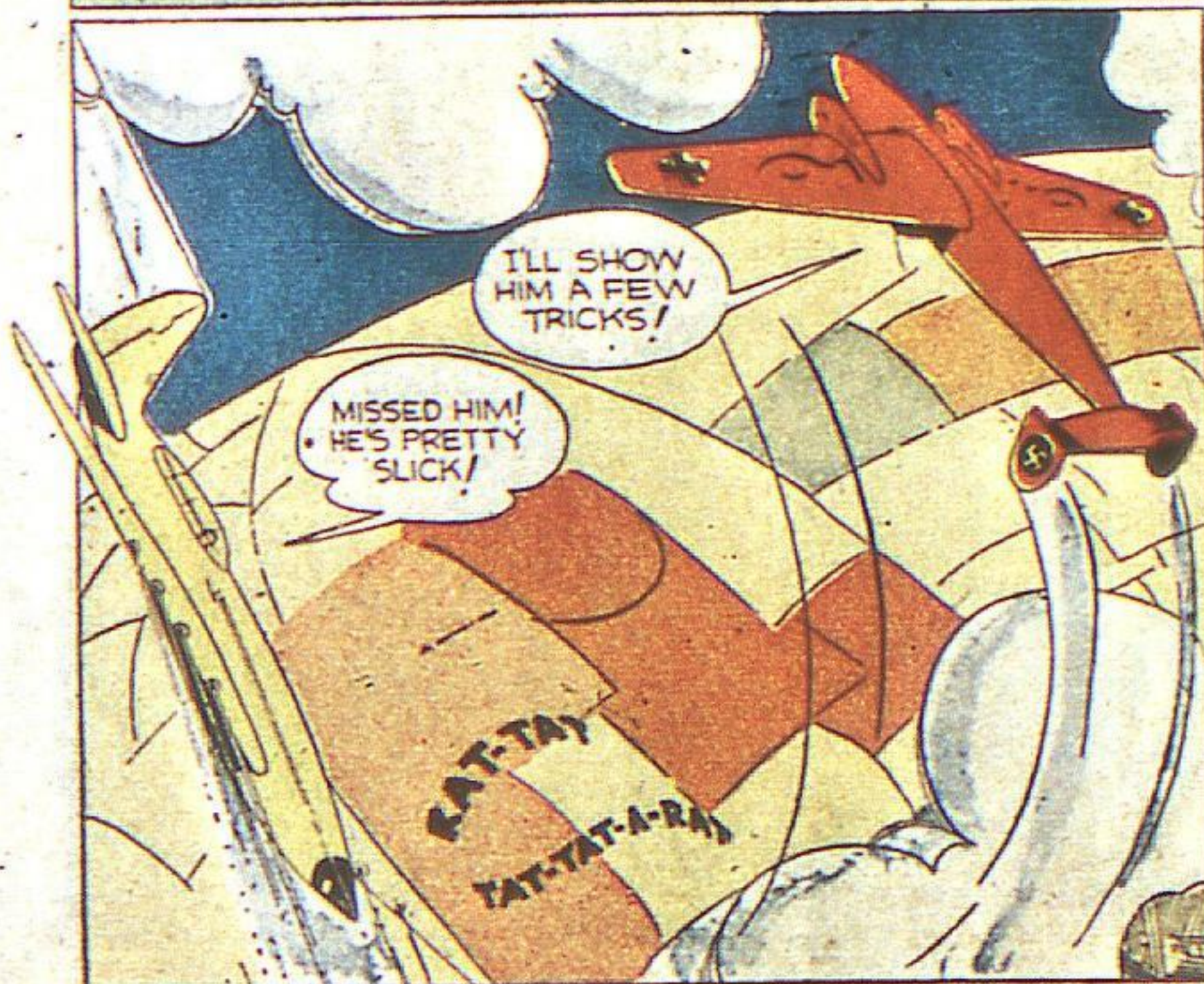
AS THE BATTLE PROGRESSES,
THE TWO PLANES CIRCLE OVER
THE GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE..



I'LL SHOW
HIM A FEW
TRICKS!

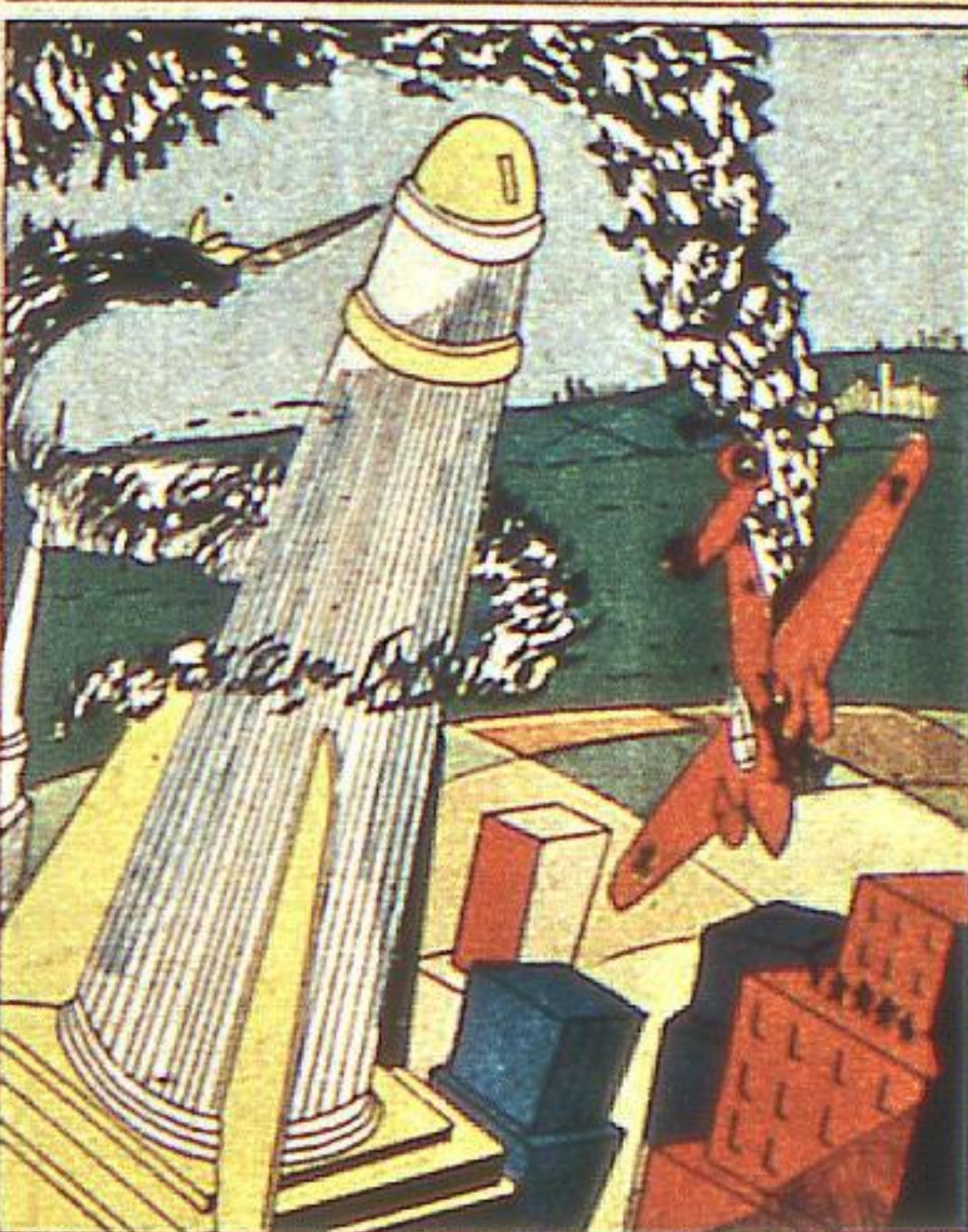
MISSED HIM!
HE'S PRETTY
SLICK!

RAT-TAT
TAT-TAT-A-RA





THE PATRIOT SCORES A HIT.....! LEAVING SMOKE AND FLAME IN ITS WAKE, THE NAZI PLANE PLUNGES LIKE A WOUNDED BIRD WHILE THOUSANDS OF SPECTATORS WATCH FROM ROOFTOPS.....



THE GERMAN BAILS OUT... AND SO DOES THE PATRIOT.....



CLINGING TO THE NAZI, THE PATRIOT DESCENDS, LANDING ON A NEW JERSEY ESTATE.



THEY ARE USHERED BEFORE GARRETT. HUSS' WOUND IS BANDAGED AND.....



NOW, HUSS, WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT?

I FLED GERMANY BECAUSE I WAS MARKED FOR DEATH!

HITLER IS A WARMONGER. HIS PEOPLE DO NOT WANT THIS WAR.



I HOPED TO SEE YOUR PRIME MINISTER. I THOUGHT PEACE MIGHT BE ARRANGED BETWEEN BRITAIN AND GERMANY.



THE PATRIOT TURNS TO GARRETT'S BUTLER.

I'D LIKE TO USE YOUR PHONE.

COME.



CONSOLIDATED PRESS? LET ME SPEAK TO CASEY!



THE PATRIOT! SO YOU'RE THE GUY WHO KNOCKED DOWN THAT NAZI PLANE! WE JUST GOT A FLASH FROM BERLIN....



THE NAZI PARTY SAYS THAT HUSS, APPARENTLY INSANE, FLED GERMANY TO BRING ABOUT PEACE. THEY DENY HITLER AUTHORIZED HIM TO GO!



WOULD YOU BE SHOCKED TO LEARN THAT THE GUY IN THAT PLANE WAS HUSS?



WOULD I? WHAT A YARN! WHERE'VE YOU GOT HIM?



JUST AS PATRIOT IS ABOUT TO DISCLOSE HIS WHEREABOUTS...



GARRETT'S BUTLER SNEAKS BEHIND HIM.



WANT TO PLAY EH? OKAY, I'LL PLAY!



GARRETT APPEARS...



A SHOT! SOMEONE HUNG UP. THE PATRIOT'S IN A JAM!



AND HOW HE GETS OUT OF IT? WHERE DOES HUSS COME IN? THE ANSWER TO THESE QUESTIONS IS REVEALED IN THE NEXT EPISODE OF THE PATRIOT.

ADVENTURES OF

KA-ZAR

THE GREAT

SINGLE-HANDED, KA-ZAR HAS DESTROYED A POWERFUL NAZI AND FASCIST BASE IN HIS AFRICAN JUNGLE HOMELAND!

IN A CAPTURED NAZI PLANE, HE IS WINGING HIS WAY BACK OVER THE DENSE CONGO FOREST, WHEN.....

HIS ATTENTION IS DIVERTED TO A CLEARING IN THE FOREST.....

I'VE NEVER VISITED THIS SECTION OF THE JUNGLE BEFORE..... SAY, WHAT'S THAT?

LOOKS LIKE A STONE CASTLE... OR FORT!

MUST BE THE STRONGHOLD OF ALI HAMUD!

KA-ZAR RECALLS THAT THE AFRICAN NATIVES TELL OF AN ARAB PRINCE WHO HAD COME TO THE JUNGLE A FEW YEARS BEFORE.....

BRING THE CAPTAIN OF MY GUARDS HERE!

YES, MASTER!



BECAUSE OF HIS CRUEL AND INHUMAN TREATMENT OF HIS COUNTRYMEN, **PRINCE ALI HAMUD** WAS SO HATED HE HAD TO SEEK REFUGE IN THE JUNGLE!

I LIKE THE LOOKS OF THIS PLACE...WE'LL LOCATE HERE!

AND I WILL SEND ARMED MEN TO THE FOREST TO CAPTURE NATIVES TO WORK AS SLAVES BUILDING YOUR CASTLE!



I'LL BUILD THIS CASTLE SO STRONG THAT NONE OF MY ENEMIES CAN REACH ME!



IT IS THIS HIDEAWAY OF THE RUTHLESS ALI HAMUD THAT KA-ZAR HAS FOUND! FOR MANY YEARS THE PRINCE HAS LIVED IN HIS PALATIAL DWELLING, SURROUNDED BY SCORES OF SLAVES!

KA-ZAR MAKES A STARTLING DISCOVERY!

THERE'S A CLEARED SPOT...I'M SURE IT WASN'T THERE A MOMENT AGO!



GROUPS OF TREES ARE BEING MOVED ASIDE....EXPOSING A CAMOUFLAGED LANDING FIELD!

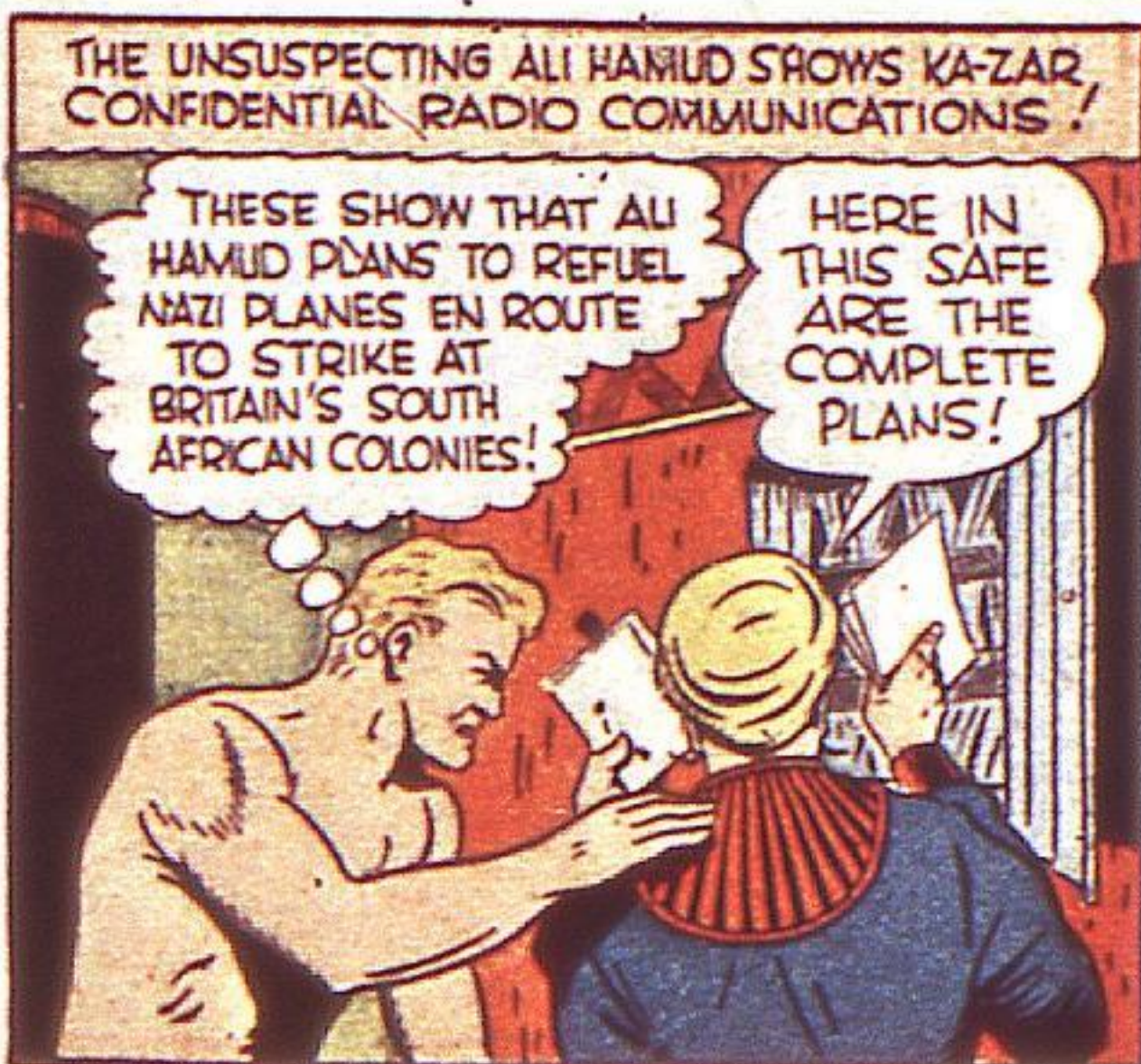
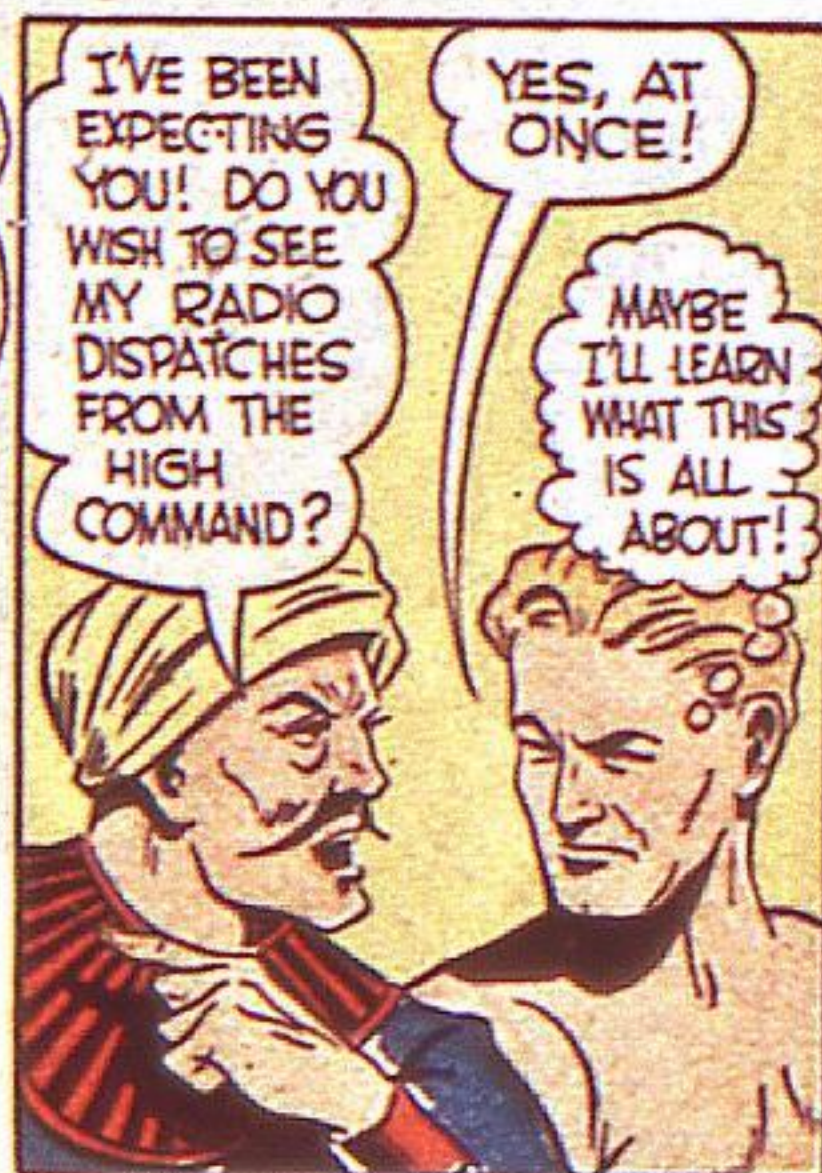
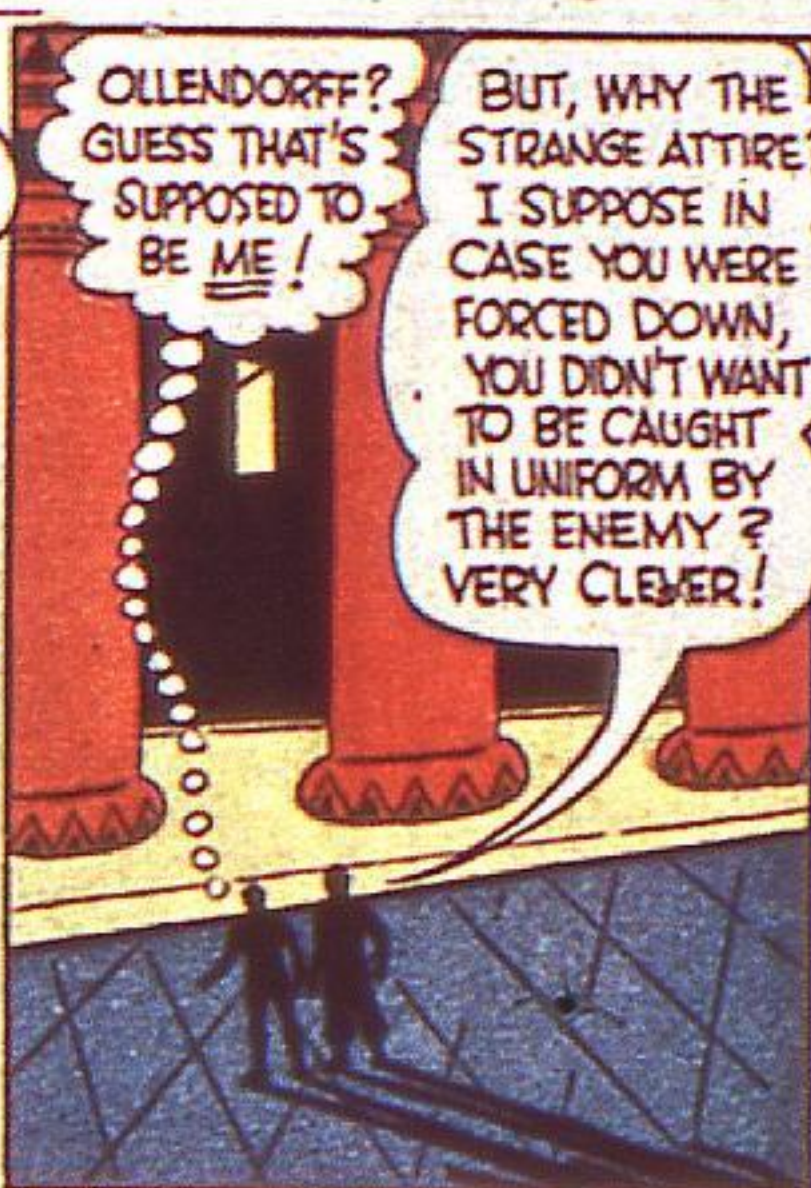


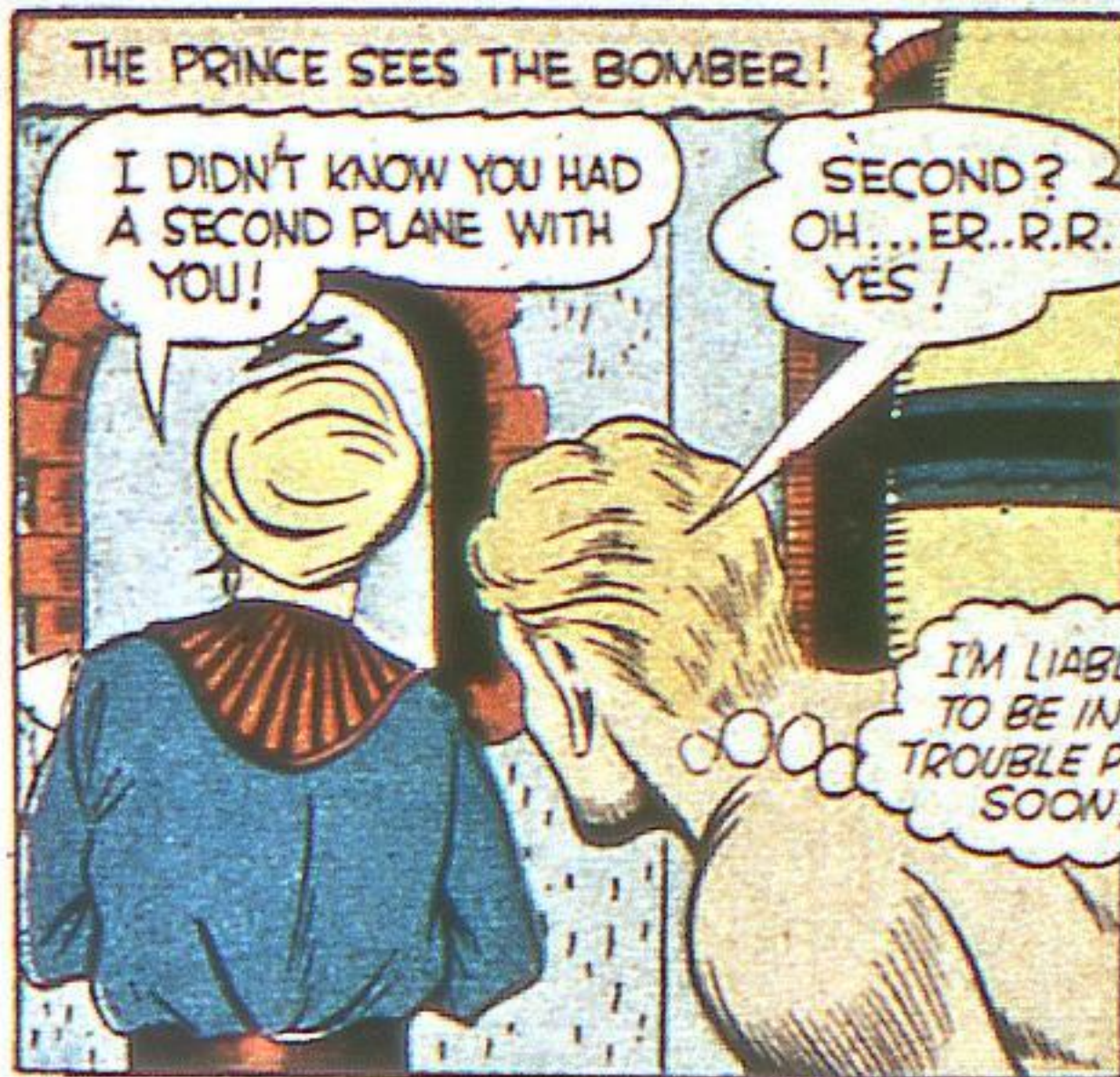
A NAZI SWASTIKA IS RUN UP ON A TALL FLAGPOLE!

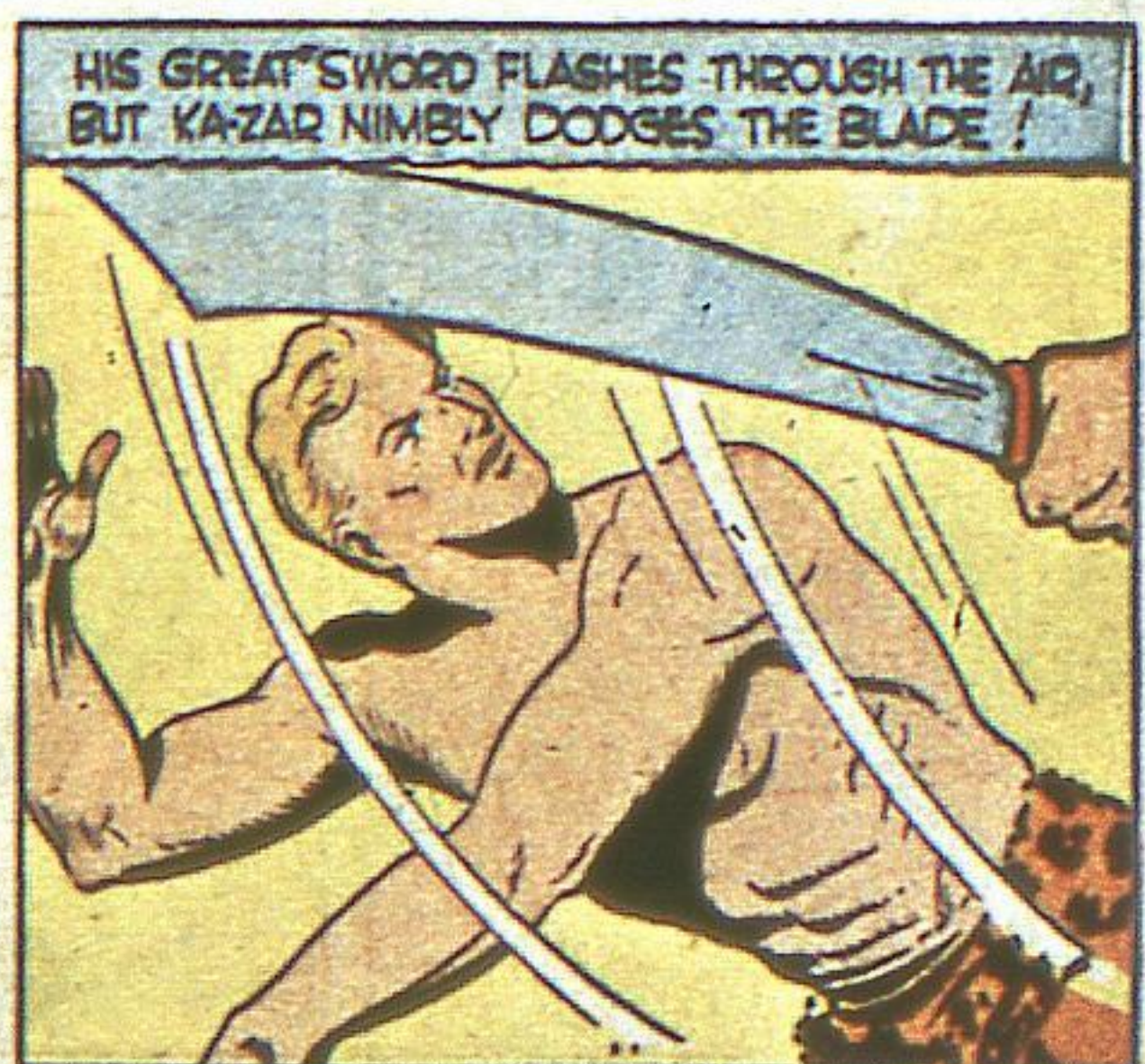


I SEE IT NOW! THE NAZI MARKINGS ON THIS PLANE HAVE BEEN SEEN.....AND, I'VE STUMBLED ONTO **FIFTH COLUMNISTS** IN THE JUNGLE!









FIGHTING FOR HIS LIFE, KA-ZAR, QUICK AS A TIGER, TRIPS HIS ASSAILANT!



HE PLUNGES HIS OWN SMALL DAGGER INTO THE GIANT'S NECK!

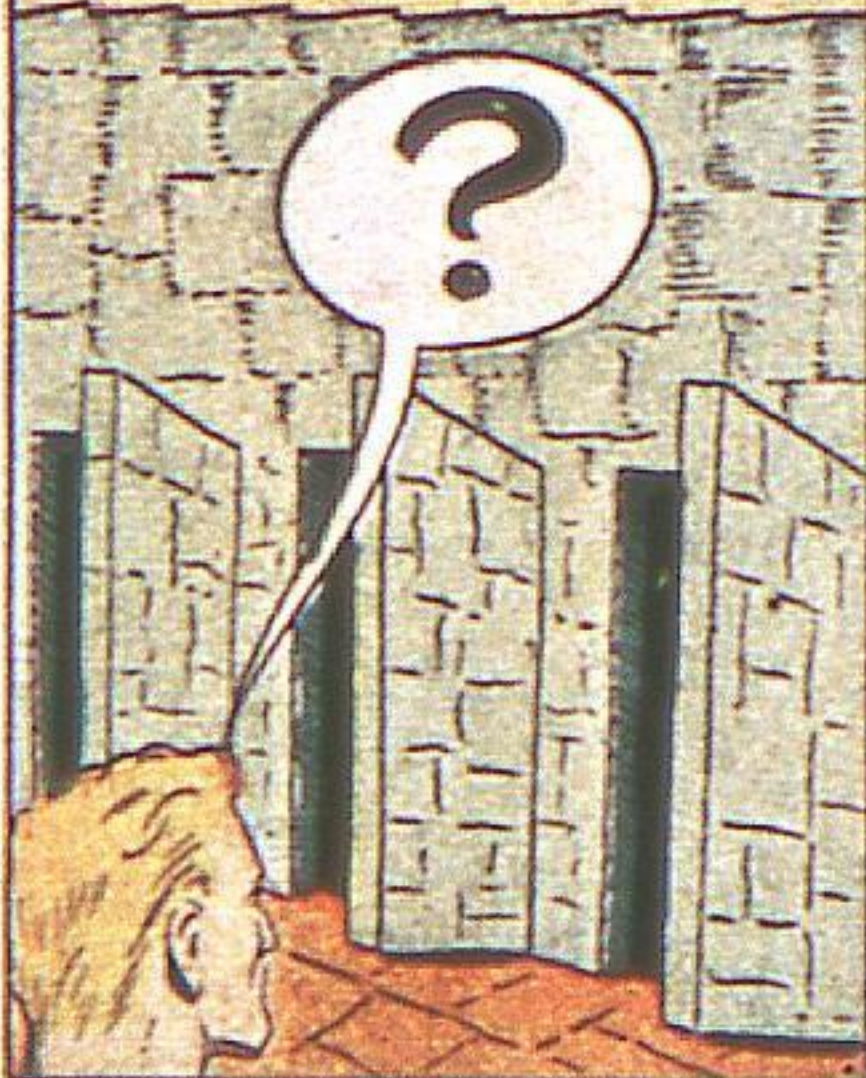


WILD WITH RAGE, ALI HAMUD BELLOWS A SHARP ORDER...

SET THE
LEOPARDS
UPON HIM!



THREE SMALL DOORS OPEN
NEAR THE FLOOR OF THE PIT!



OUT OF EACH OPENING
STEPS A FEROCIOUS LEOPARD!



THE BEASTS LEAP AT KA-ZAR!

I'VE GOT
MY HANDS
FULL NOW!

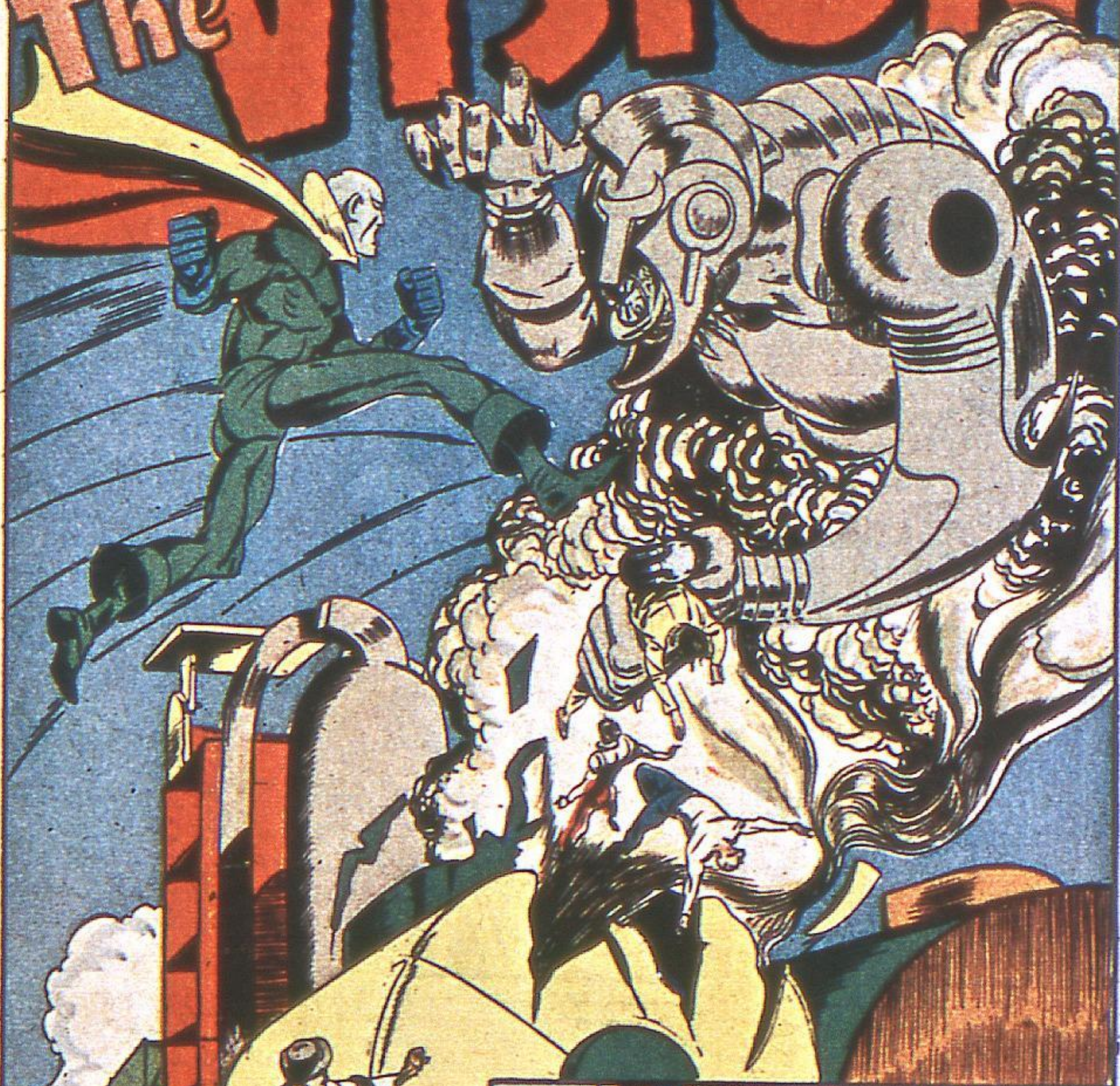


A FLAGSTONE ON THE FLOOR
TILTS SLOWLY AND A HAND
REACHES FOR KA-ZAR'S LEG!



HAS
KA-ZAR
AN ALLY
IN THE
ENEMY'S
CAMP
★ ? ★
MORE IN
THE NEXT ISSUE
of
MARVEL COMICS

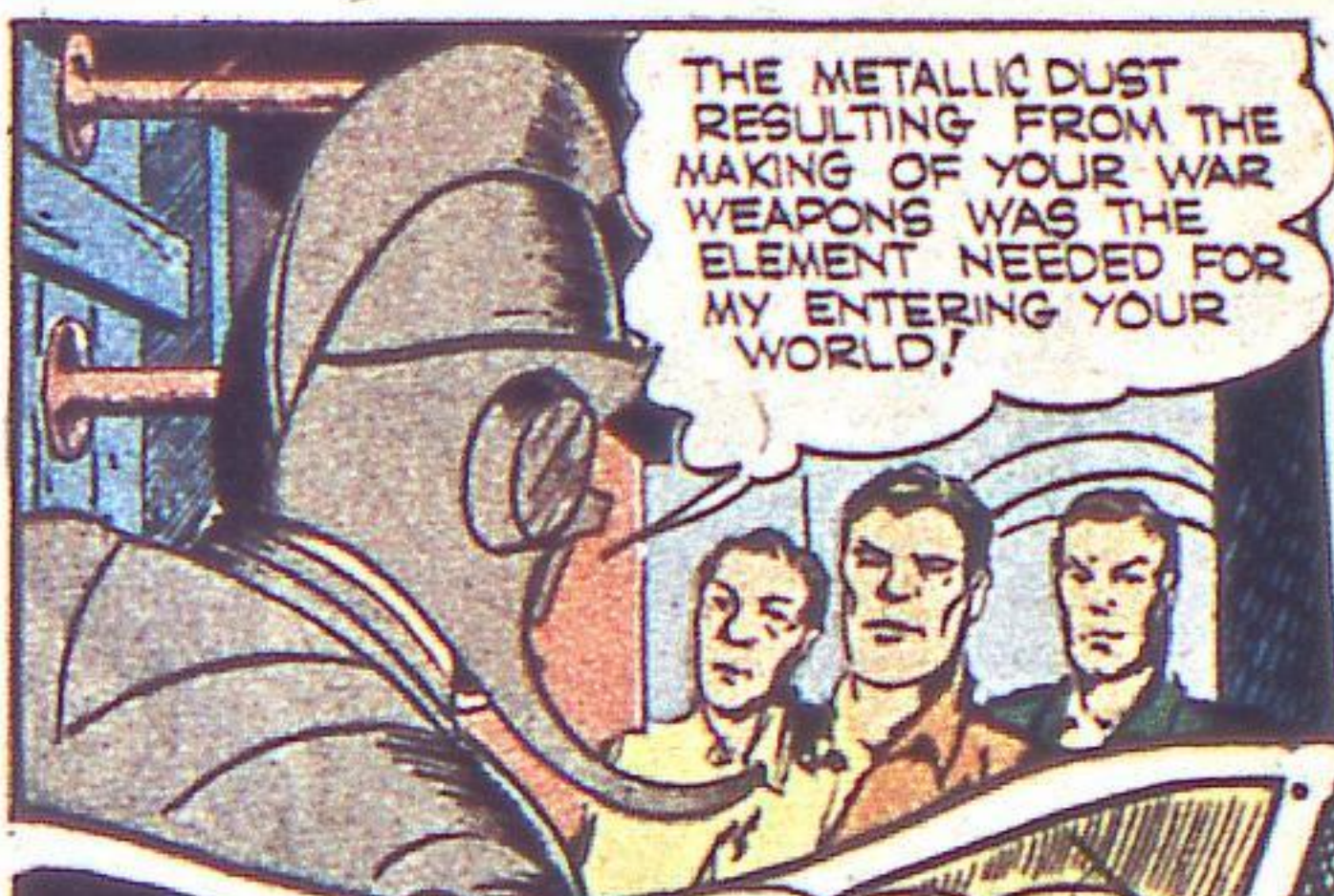
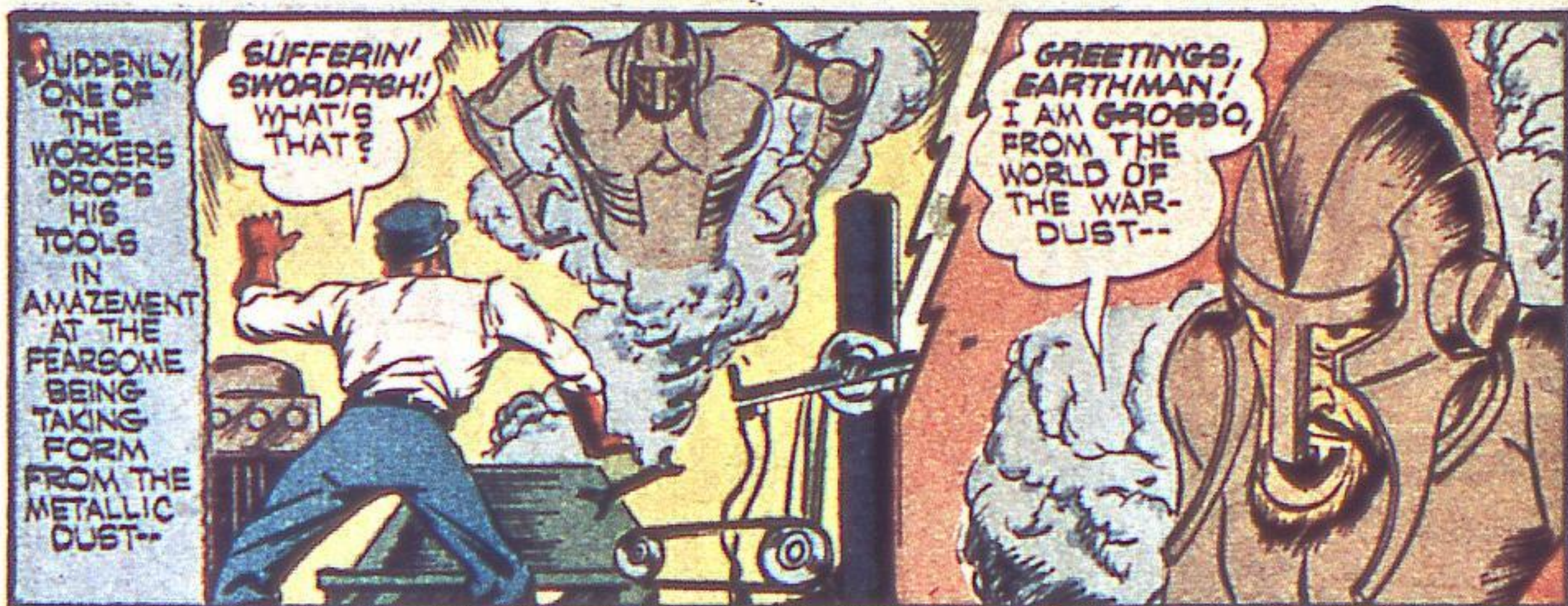
The VISION



THE MIGHTY VISION
GIVES BATTLE TO GROSSO
OF THE WAR-DUST WORLD
WHO SEEKS TO DESTROY
AMERICA'S NATIONAL DEFENSE
INDUSTRIES WHICH ARE
THE LIFE-BLOOD OF OUR
ARMING DEMOCRACY---

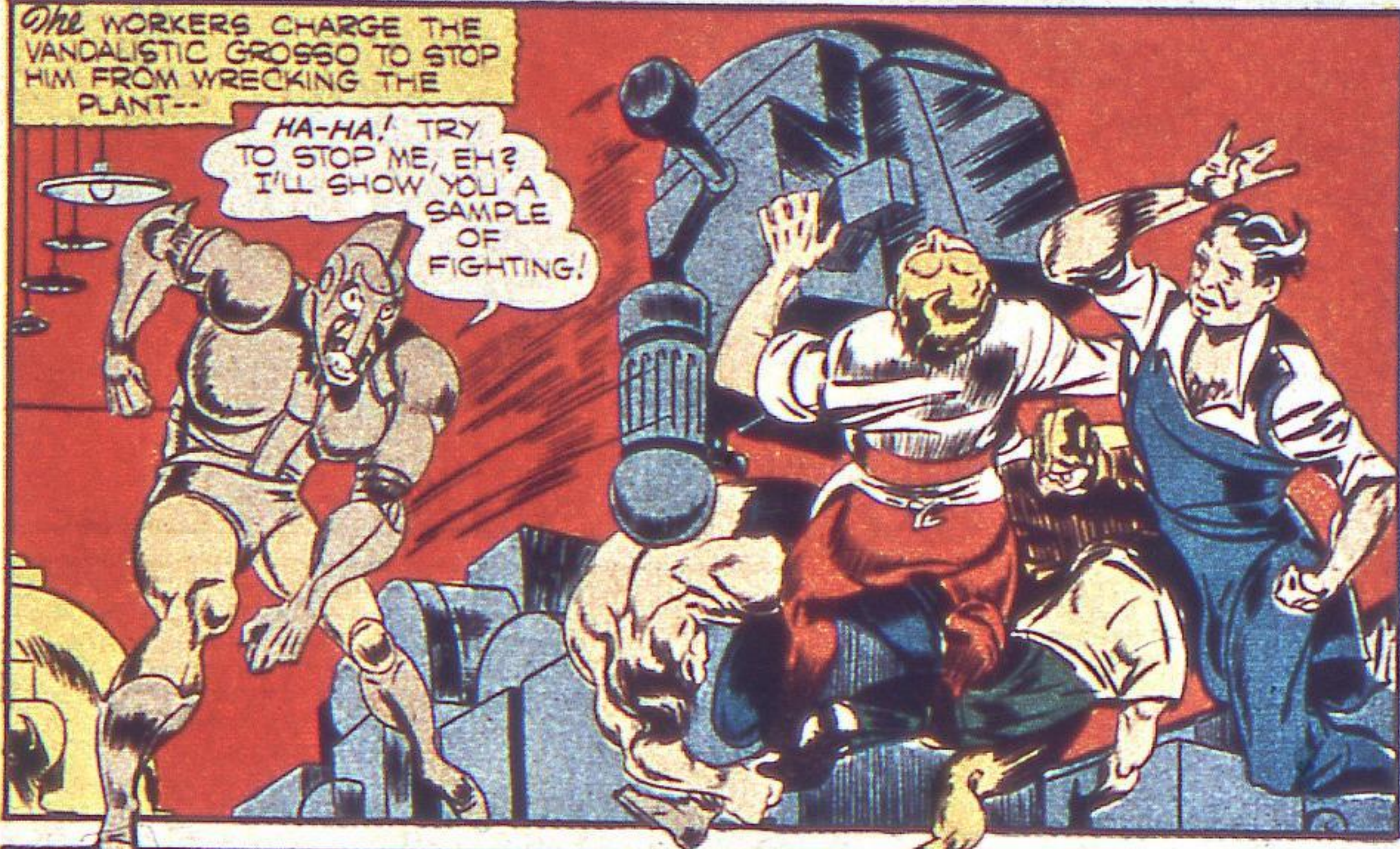
OUR
STORY
OPENS
IN THE
COLMAN
ARMS
FACTORY
WHERE
AMERICAN
WORKERS
FEVERISHLY
RUSH
PRODUCTION





THE WORKERS CHARGE THE VANDALISTIC GROSSO TO STOP HIM FROM WRECKING THE PLANT--

HA-HA! TRY TO STOP ME, EH? I'LL SHOW YOU A SAMPLE OF FIGHTING!



FROM THE SMOKE POURING FROM A HUGE WHITE-HOT FURNACE ANOTHER FORM ARISES--

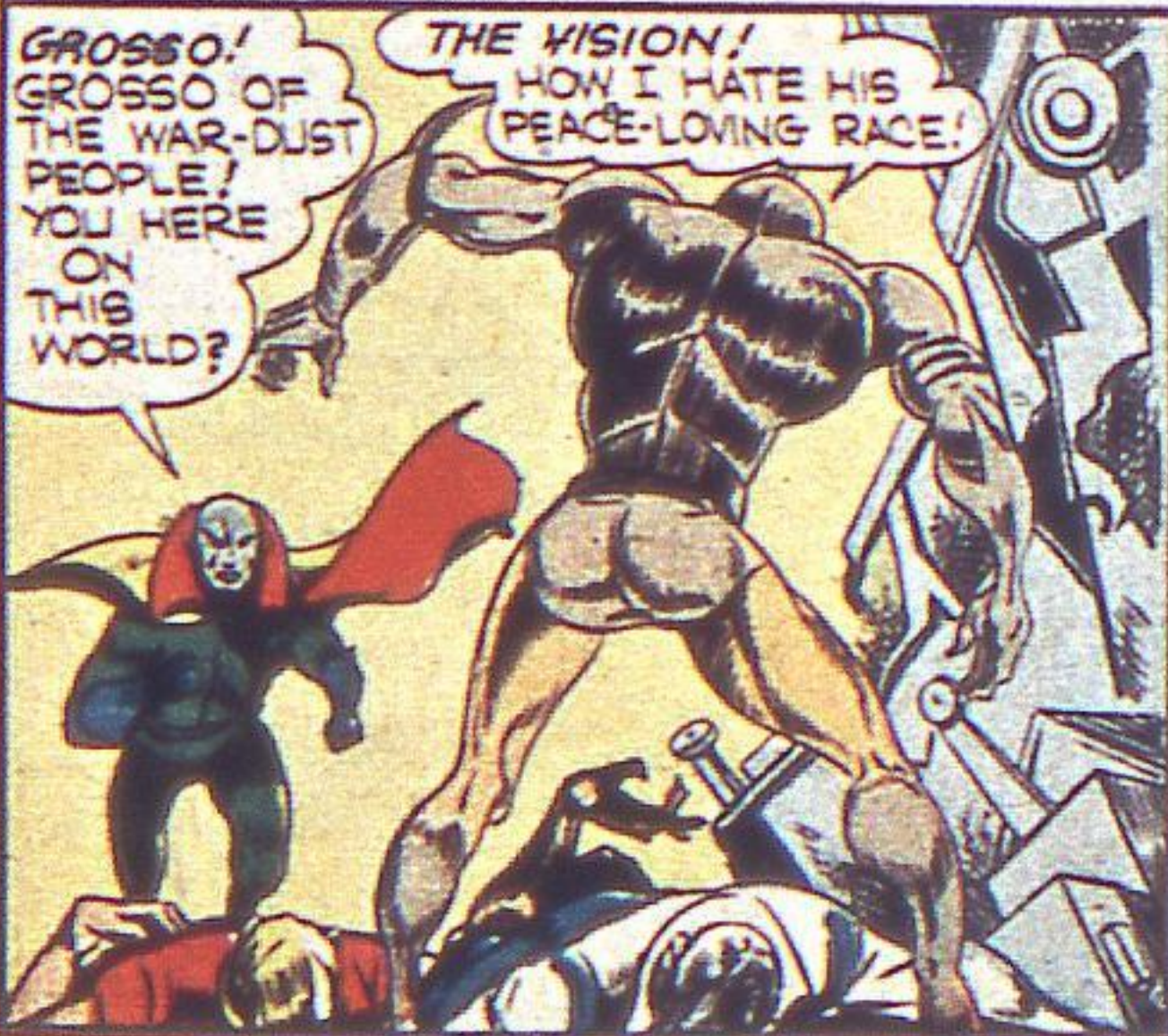
--THE MAJESTIC FIGURE OF THE VISION--MIGHTY FIGHTER OF EVIL!

I FEEL TERROR STALKING THIS AREA OF EARTH-- A NEW AND DEVILISH EVIL!



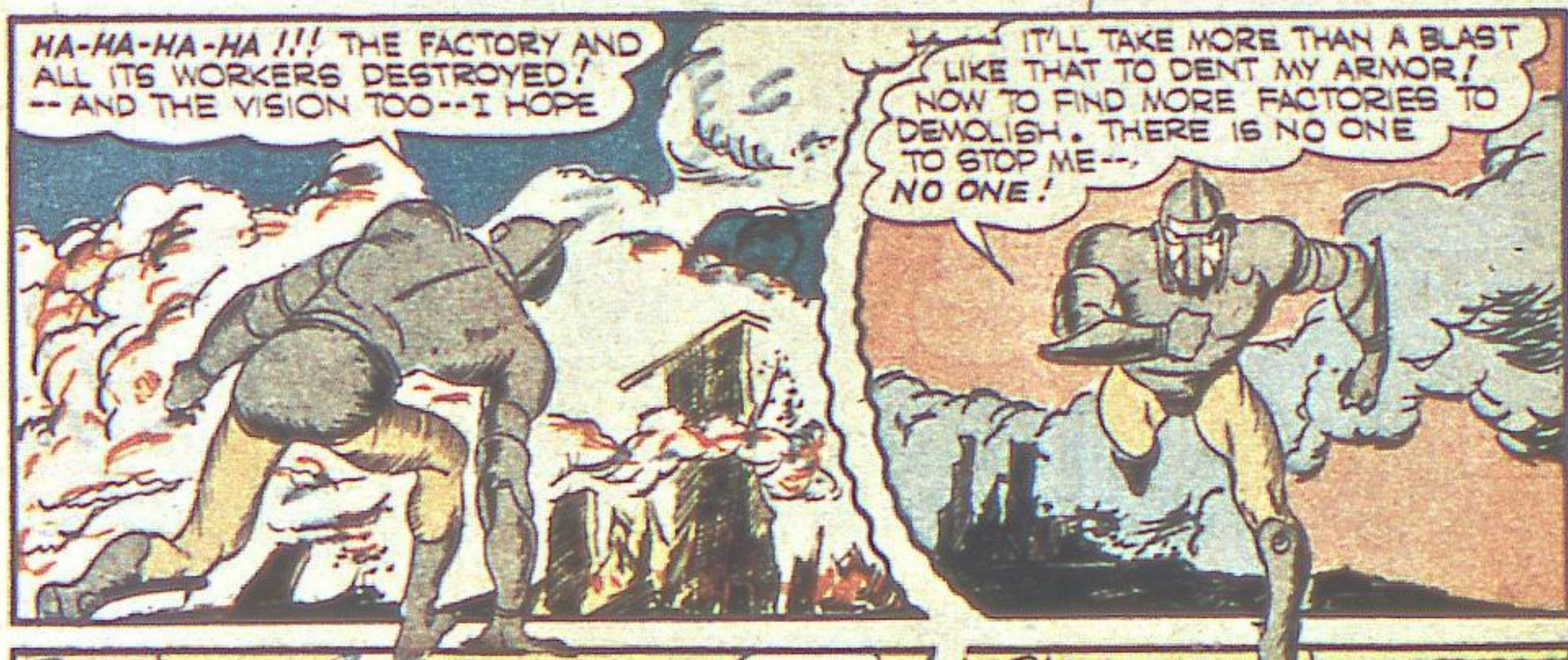
GROSSO! GROSSO OF THE WAR-DUST PEOPLE! YOU HERE ON THIS WORLD?

THE VISION! HOW I HATE HIS PEACE-LOVING RACE!



AS THE VISION BEARS DOWN ON GROSSO THE ARCH-FIEND SMASHES A PRESSURE VALVE WHICH CAUSES A HUGE EXPLOSION TO BLOW THE GIANT FACTORY TO BITS!





HA-HA-HA-HA !!! THE FACTORY AND ALL ITS WORKERS DESTROYED! -- AND THE VISION TOO--I HOPE

IT'LL TAKE MORE THAN A BLAST LIKE THAT TO DENT MY ARMOR! NOW TO FIND MORE FACTORIES TO DEMOLISH. THERE IS NO ONE TO STOP ME-- NO ONE!



BUT FROM THE SMOKE OF THE SMOLDERING RUINS ARISES THE VISION-- MORE DETERMINED THAN EVER TO CRUSH THE EVIL GROSSO

THE MURDEROUS DEVIL! I'LL NEVER REST UNTIL I'VE CAUGHT HIM AND WIPED HIM FROM THE FACE OF THE EARTH!

THE SCENE SHIFTS TO A CITY STREET THE FOLLOWING DAY. THE VISION, IN CIVILIAN CLOTHES, CONCEIVES A DARING PLAN

THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO TRAP THAT MONSTER



THIS IS THE LARGEST FACTORY AROUND HERE. IT'S CERTAIN TO BE NEXT ON GROSSO'S LIST!

KING AIRPLANE FACTORY

INSIDE THE HUGE PLANT, THE VISION APPLIES FOR A JOB--

YES I COULD USE AN EXPERIENCED MAN, BUT WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOUR FACE?



I WAS IN THE COLLMAN FACTORY DISASTER. MY FACE WAS DISFIGURED IN THE BLAST. THAT'S WHY I WEAR THIS FIBROUS MASK AND GLASSES

WELL, I GUESS YOU'RE OKAY. HERE IS OUR PRODUCTION LINE. I GUARANTEE YOU THERE'LL BE NO ACCIDENTS IN THIS FACTORY!

I WISH I WAS AS SURE OF THAT FACT AS YOU ARE

SUDDENLY, THE FOREMAN GAPEs IN DUMBFOUNDED TERROR!

HOLY MAKEREL! LOOK!

GROSSO!

ONCE AGAIN GROSSO APPEARS-- THIS TIME FROM ALUMINUM DUST!

MY GUESS WAS RIGHT! HE'S OUT TO WRECK THIS FACTORY, TOO!

WITHOUT A SECOND THOUGHT, THE "NEW WORKER" PLUNGES INTO THE SMOKE--

IN THE NEXT INSTANT HE EMERGES FROM THE SMOKE AS THE VISION, AND CHARGES INTO ACTION!

THIS TIME, I'M READY FOR YOU, GROSSO!

IT'S THE VISION!

MEANWHILE, GROSSO IS ABOUT TO WRECK THE FACTORY--

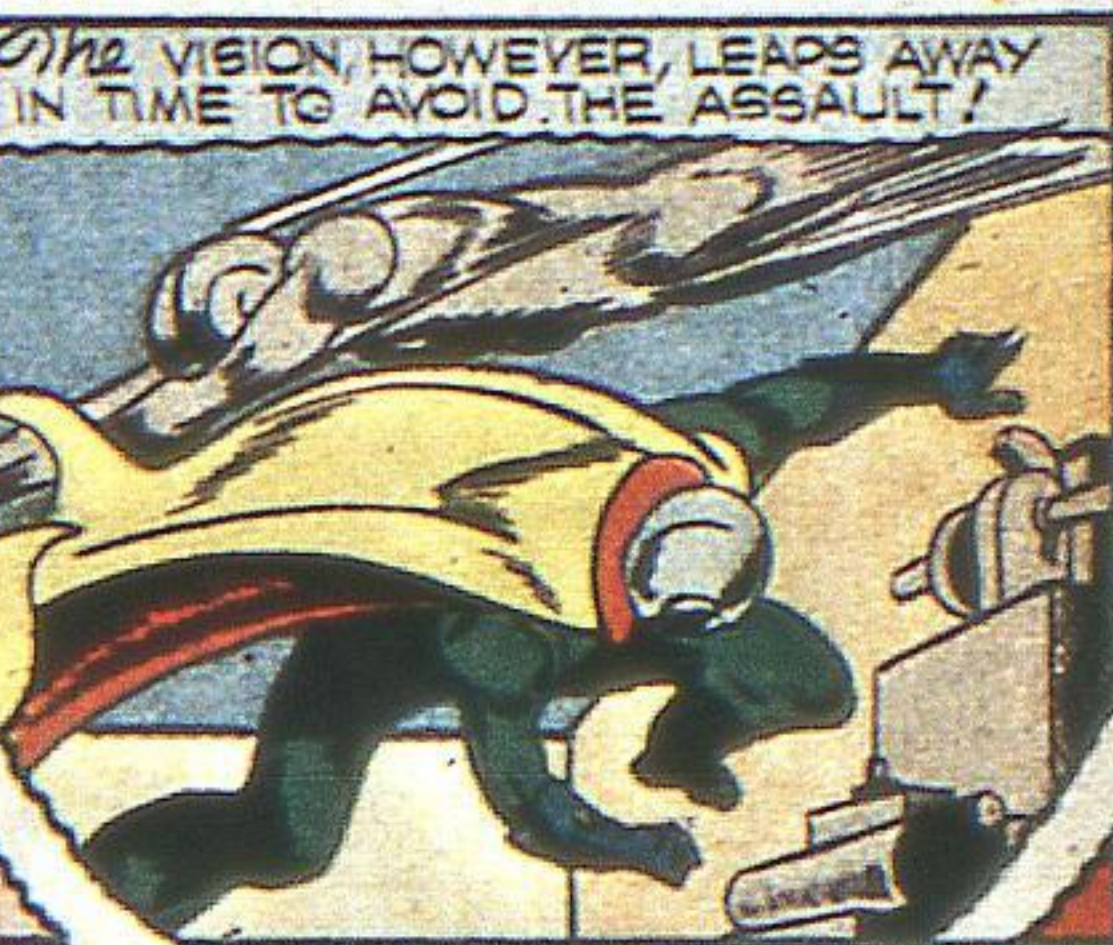
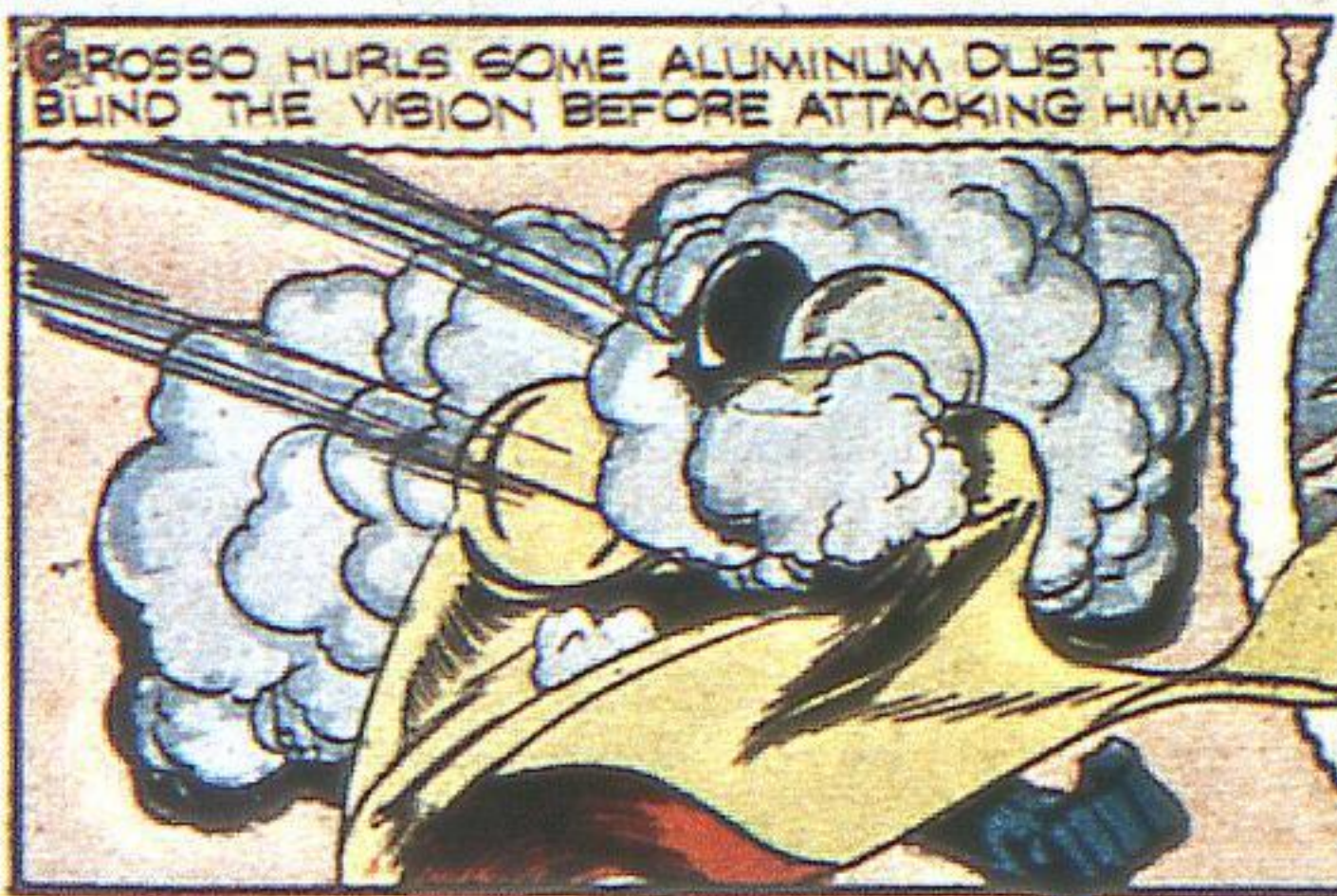
I'LL KICK OVER THIS CRANE

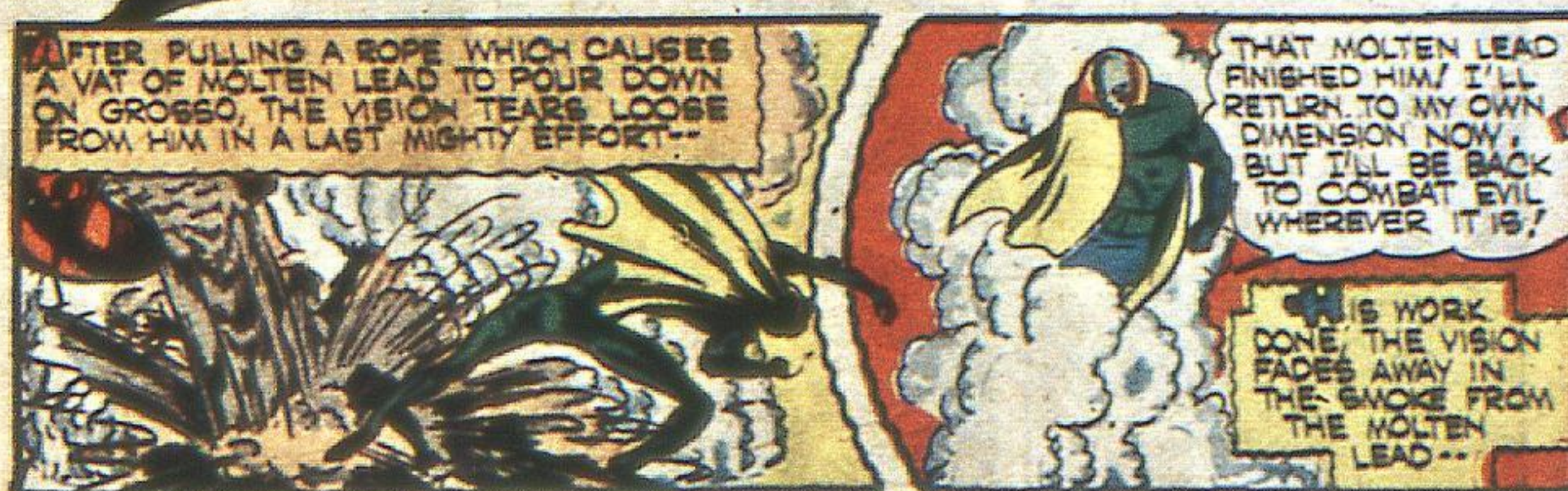
A TREMENDOUS LEAP CARRIES THE VISION UP TO GROSSO--

NOW YOU'LL GET YOURS!

GRABBING AT GROSSO'S LEG, THE VISION CLUTCHES AT THIN AIR---

WHY, MY HAND GOES RIGHT THROUGH HIS LEG-- WHY, HE ISN'T EVEN SOLID!





The

ANGEL



SOME MEN HELD UP
BANKS, AND OTHERS
KIDNAPPED CHILDREN.
BUT THE TERRIBLE LOOT
OF DR. HYDE WAS EYES.
HUMAN EYES !!!

YES....AND HE MIGHT
HAVE GONE ON WITH
HIS GRISLY RACKET IF
THE ANGEL HAD NOT
MISLAID A CIGARETTE
CASE! — — —



The MYSTERY OPENS AT
THE HOME OF BLAKELY,
THE PLAYWRIGHT...

AIE-EEE!



MY EYES!
THEY'RE GONE!

WHAT'S WRONG,
MR. BLAKELY?



Yet A FEW WEEKS LATER
BLAKELY IS BACK AT WORK.
HIS EYES RESTORED...
WHAT HAPPENED?



STUDIO PARTY AT THE COUNTRY HOME OF KEENE, FAMOUS ARTIST. ANGEL IS ONE OF THE GUESTS...

GREAT SCOTT! HERE'S A STORY ABOUT BLAKELY LOSING HIS EYES AND LATER RECOVERING THEM!

PROBABLY JUST A RUMOR!



UGH! I HOPE SO! IT MUST BE AN AWFUL THING FOR A WRITER OR AN ARTIST, TO LOSE HIS EYES! I'D RATHER DIE!



THE NIGHT WEARSON, THE PARTY ENDS AND THE GUESTS DEPART...



EASY DOES IT!

KEENE RETIRES... A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE WINDOW OPENS...

AH! HE'S ALL ALONE!



...A MYSTERIOUS INTRUDER ENTERS...



THE MYSTERIOUS VISITOR, WEARING A SURGEON'S SMOCK AND A MASK, PASSES HIS FINGERS OVER KEENE'S FACE...



THUD...

SUDDENLY THE HAND JERKS BACK... AND...

HAH! HAH! I'VE GOT THEM! HEAR HIM YELL!



MY EYES! MY EYES! I'VE LOST MY EYES!

With a low chuckle,
the fiend leaves...

POOR FELLOW!
HAH! HAH!

HEAR HIM SCREECH!
HE CAN'T
TAKE IT!

Meanwhile...

I WOULD FORGET MY
CIGARETTE CASE...
HOPE KEENE
HAS NOT
GONE TO
BED YET!

NO ANGEL... KEENE
IS NOT SLEEPING!

HELP!

WHAT HORRIBLE SCREAMING!
SAY! WHAT'S THAT MAN
IN THE SURGEON'S OUT-
FIT DOING
UP THERE?

SWIFTLY HE CLIMBS
THE WALL...

OUT OF THE
WAY... OR...

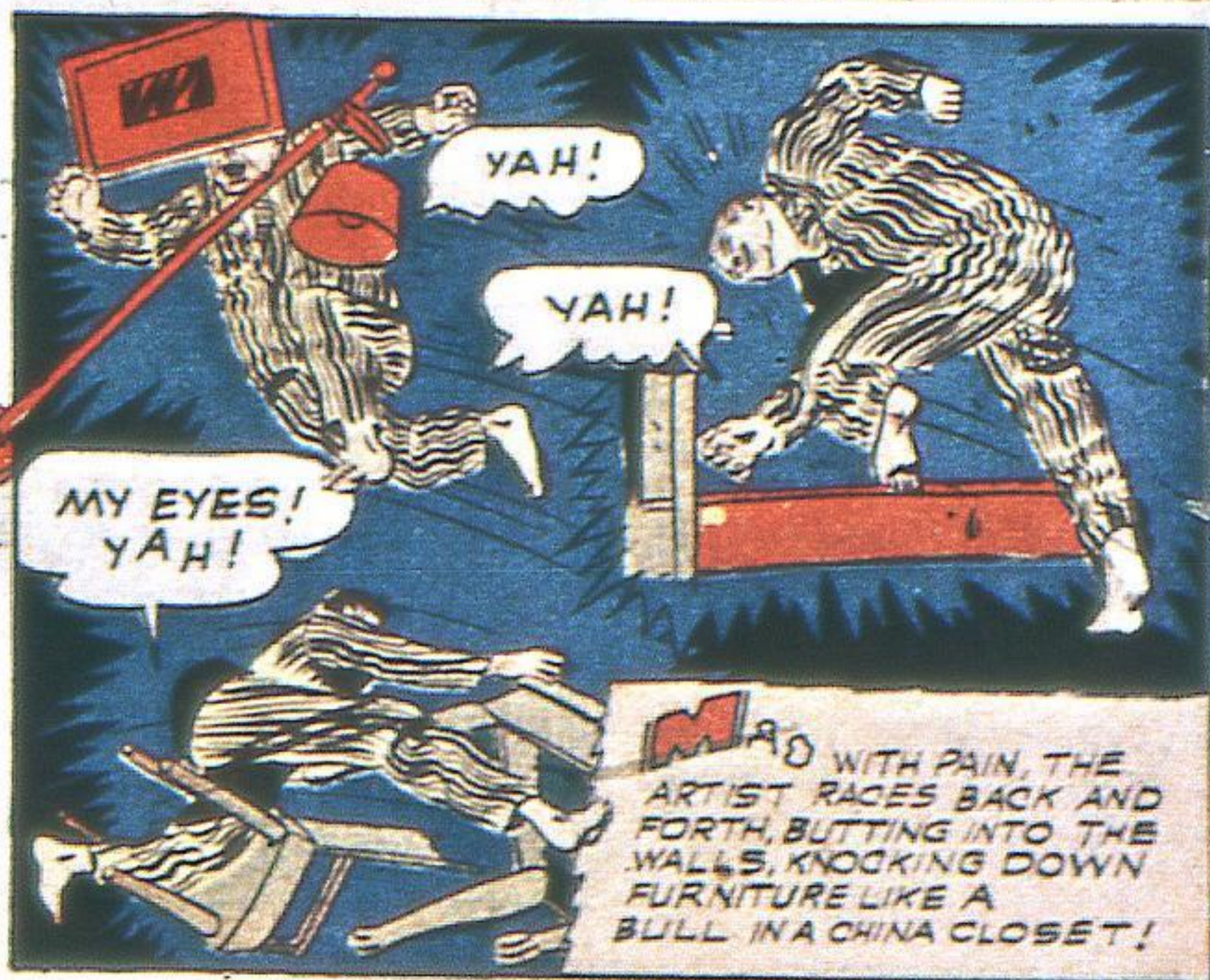
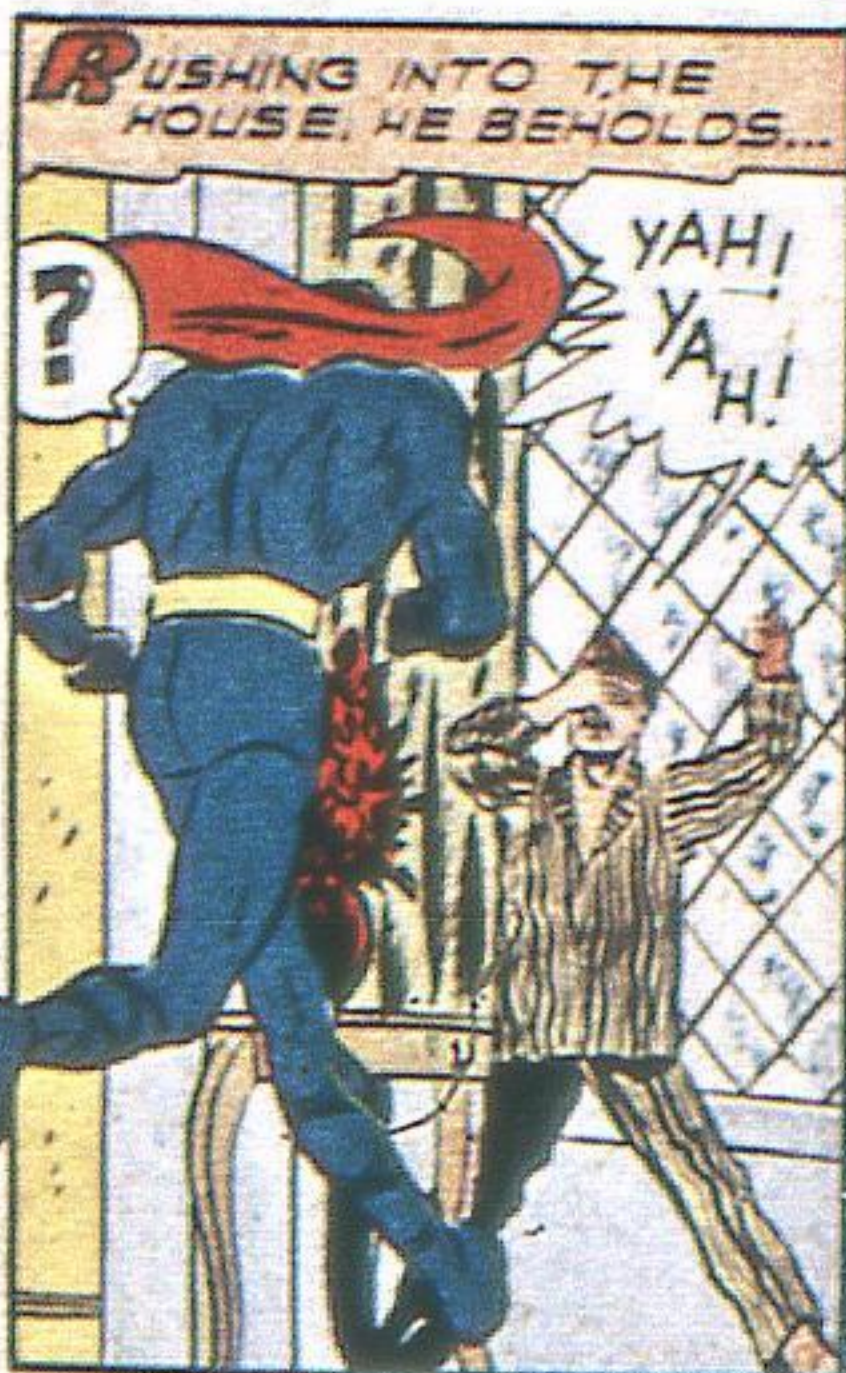
YEOW!

OR WHAT?

TOO BAD I DIDN'T
GET A GOOD GRIP ON
YOUR EYES!

WOW! I'M
FALLING!

BUT...
THE MYSTERIOUS
STRANGER RE-
TALIATES WITH
A CLAWING
HAND!



THE ANGEL SEARCHES THE ROOM FOR A CLUE...

WHAT'S THIS...?
A NOTE!

Dear Mr Keene, be
your eyesight will be
restored to you on pay-
ment of \$100,000. DO
NOT TELL POLICE... I will operate...
or you will never see
again. I have a trusted
friend consult Despatch,
classified ad section
tomorrow for
instructions.
The Hyde!

AN EYE KIDNAPPER!
CLEVER... IF IT
WORKS!

SCIENCE HAS MADE GREAT
STRIDES! MAYBE HE CAN
RESTORE KEENE'S EYES!
I RECALL A WOMAN WHO
GOT HER SIGHT BACK
WITH THE EYES OF
A CONDEMNED
MAN!

THE ANGEL
SEES KEENE
RISE...

BRACE UP,
OLD MAN!

HE READS THE NOTE
TO THE ARTIST...

SO LET'S PLAY
BALL WITH
HIM!

THEN MY SIGHT CAN BE RESTORED.
NOT BEING ABLE TO SEE
A SUNSET OR PAINT A
FINE PICTURE WOULD
BE UNBEARABLE!

REALLY! DON'T LET HYDE
KNOW YOU'RE ON THE TRAIL
OR I'LL NEVER GET MY EYES
BACK!

BY THE WAY... YOU
KNOW MY REAL
NAME... BUT YOU
DON'T
KNOW...
I'M THE
ANGEL!

IN ACCORDANCE WITH INSTRUCTIONS, THE DISGUISED ANGEL MEETS DR. HYDE AT AN ABANDONED MILL

HERE'S THE MONEY... KEENE'S OUTSIDE!

YOU GET GOING, I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM!



KEENE RIDES AWAY WITH DR. HYDE...

NOW TO OPERATE!



BUT THE WILY ANGEL HAS STREWN DYNAMITE CAPS ON THE ROAD...

WHAT IN?



G!!O!!M!!...!
THE ENGINES ON THE BLINK !!



THE ANGEL APPEARS... DISGUISED AS A MECHANIC!

HAVING TROUBLE, BUD?

YES! I'LL PAY YOU WELL, IF YOU FIX THIS MOTOR, FAST!



HALF AN HOUR, Later...

BLOWOUT'S FIXED AND ENGINE'S OKAY... BUT BE CAREFUL-THAT MOTOR'S LIABLE TO BREAK DOWN!



SUPPOSE YOU DRIVE ME TO THE CITY?

SURE, BUD!



I LIKE THAT FELLOW! HE'S NOT NOSEY! BUT I WISH HE WOULDN'T CALL ME BUD... MAKES ME SQUIRM!



THE CAR STOPS AT A SMALL PRIVATE HOSPITAL...



YOU'RE A GOOD MECHANIC! HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE MY CHAUFFEUR!

SURE, BUD!

THE ANGEL IS TOLD TO WAIT IN AN ANTEROOM... KEENE IS LED INTO THE OPERATING ROOM.



IF HYDE CAN RESTORE KEENE'S EYES... HE'S GOOD!

IN THE OPERATING ROOM, ON THE SHELVES ARE JARS OF DEAD MAN'S EYES!



ETHER...! MY SCALPEL!

WITH A SKILL WORTHY OF A BETTER CAUSE, THE DEFT FINGERS OF DR. HYDE DIRECT THE KNIFE... THE SLIGHTEST SLIP MAY MEAN PERMANENT BLINDNESS... OR DEATH!



NOW, THE LEFT EYE!

I'D LIKE TO SWAT HYDE ON THE SCHNOZZLE... BUT, I CAN'T, UNTIL KEENE'S EYESIGHT IS RESTORED!



AFTER A TENSE HOUR... THE OPERATION WILL BE A SUCCESS!

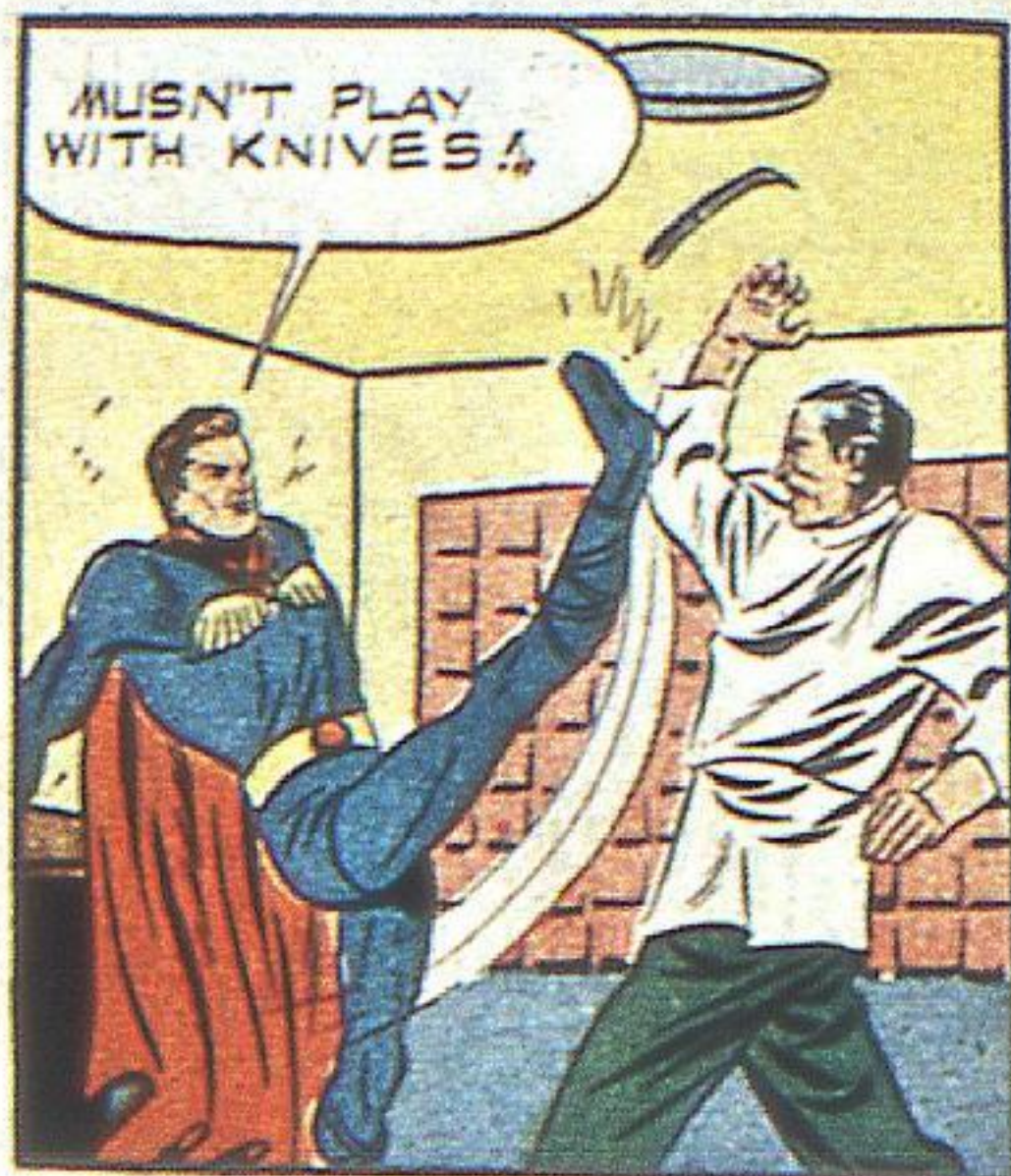


BUT KEENE, STILL UNDER THE ETHER, GOES DELIRIOUS... AT THE WRONG MOMENT!



DON'T LET HYDE KNOW YOU'RE ON HIS TRAIL! HE'LL GET MAD! HE'LL...





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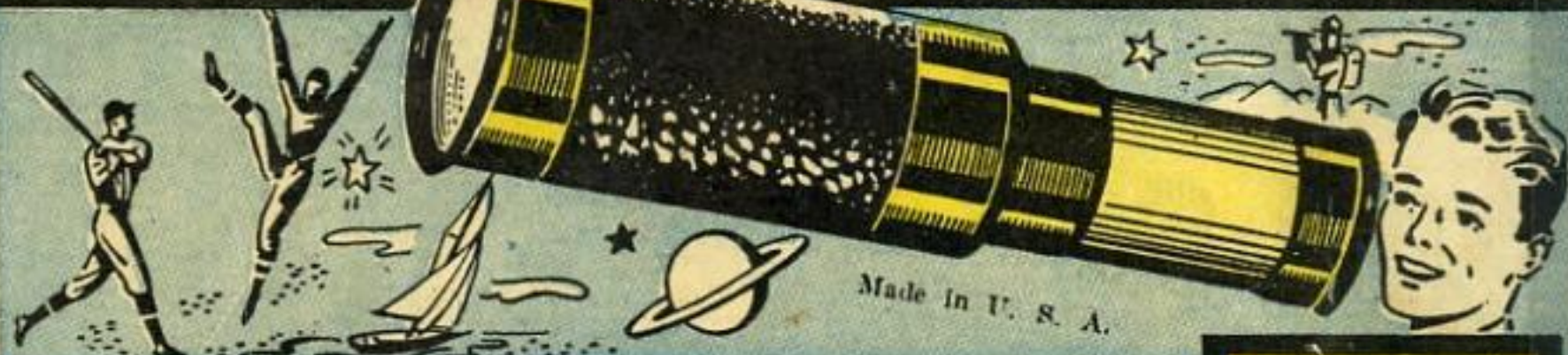
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